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PART I.

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GRAPHIC
ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LIFE AND TIMES
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.



LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXV.

Albemarle Street, May 1. 1835.

FROM the general approbation with which the new Variorum Edition of BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON has been received, MR. MURRAY is encouraged to commence the monthly publication of a series of GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS of a Work which the ablest writers have pronounced to be "a manual of amusement"—a "lively and faithful picture of the manners and literature of England"—and the "richest accumulation of wit, wisdom, and morals that any language can boast"—; which was considered by Sir Walter Scott to be, without exception, "THE BEST PARLOUR-WINDOW BOOK THAT EVER WAS WRITTEN." [See Preface, Vol. I. p. xvii.]

Each Part will contain at least five Engravings; consisting, generally, of *two* Portraits of distinguished individuals who occupy a prominent place in Boswell's Narrative; *one* Landscape Illustration of the actual localities of Dr. Johnson's life; and *two* Plates containing Fac-similes of the Autographs of his personal friends and contemporaries.

These Illustrations will be published in octavo, and also, for the convenience of collectors, in quarto. The price of the octavo edition will be Three Shillings and Sixpence the Part; and that of the quarto, Five Shillings.

A very limited number will be printed on India paper, price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

GRAPHIC
I L L U S T R A T I O N S

OF THE

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LONDON:

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SOLD ALSO BY CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

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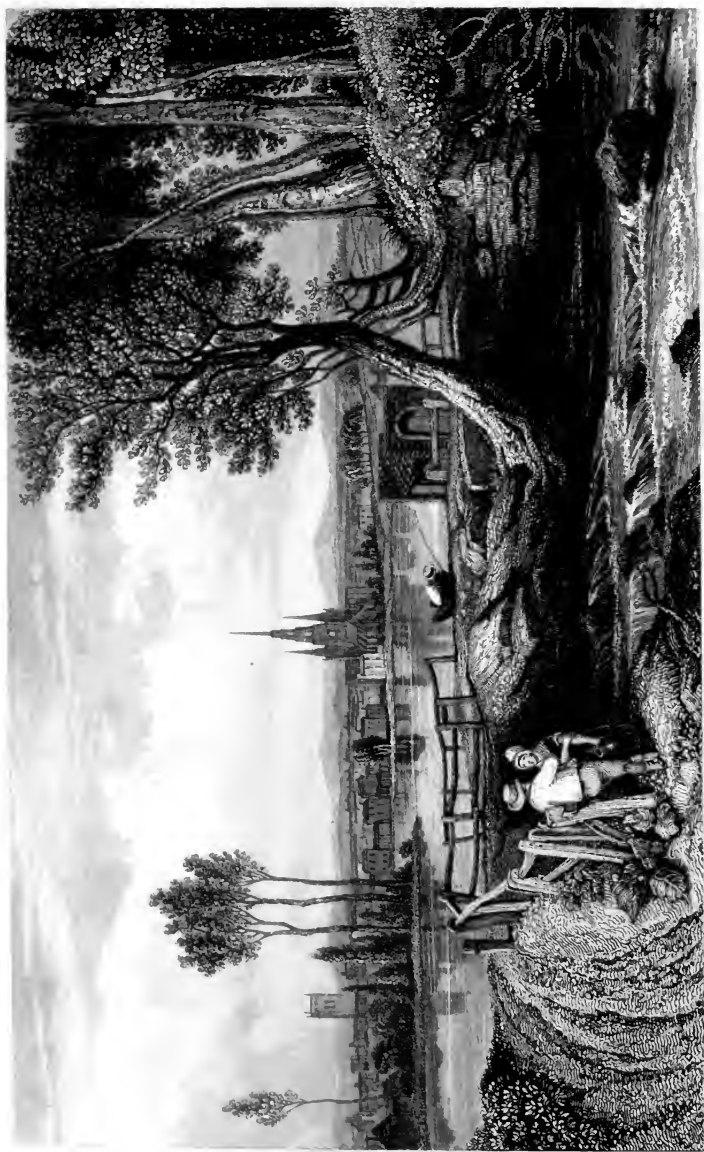
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LICHFIELD.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

From a Drawing made on the spot, in 1835, by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

“JOHNSON,” says Boswell, “ever retained a warm affection for his native city;” and the following article in his Dictionary has been often referred to as containing a very characteristic indication of this feeling: — “*LICH. n. s.* a dead carcass; whence *lichwake*, the time or act of watching by the dead; *lichgate*, the gate through which the dead are carried to the grave; *Lichfield*, the field of the dead, a city of Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve, magna parens!*”

This tradition has been adopted by Drayton, in his Poly-Olbion:

“A thousand other saints whom Amphibal had taught,
Flying the Pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,
Were slain where *Lichfield* is, whose name doth rightly sound
There of these Christians slain, *dead field* or burying ground.”

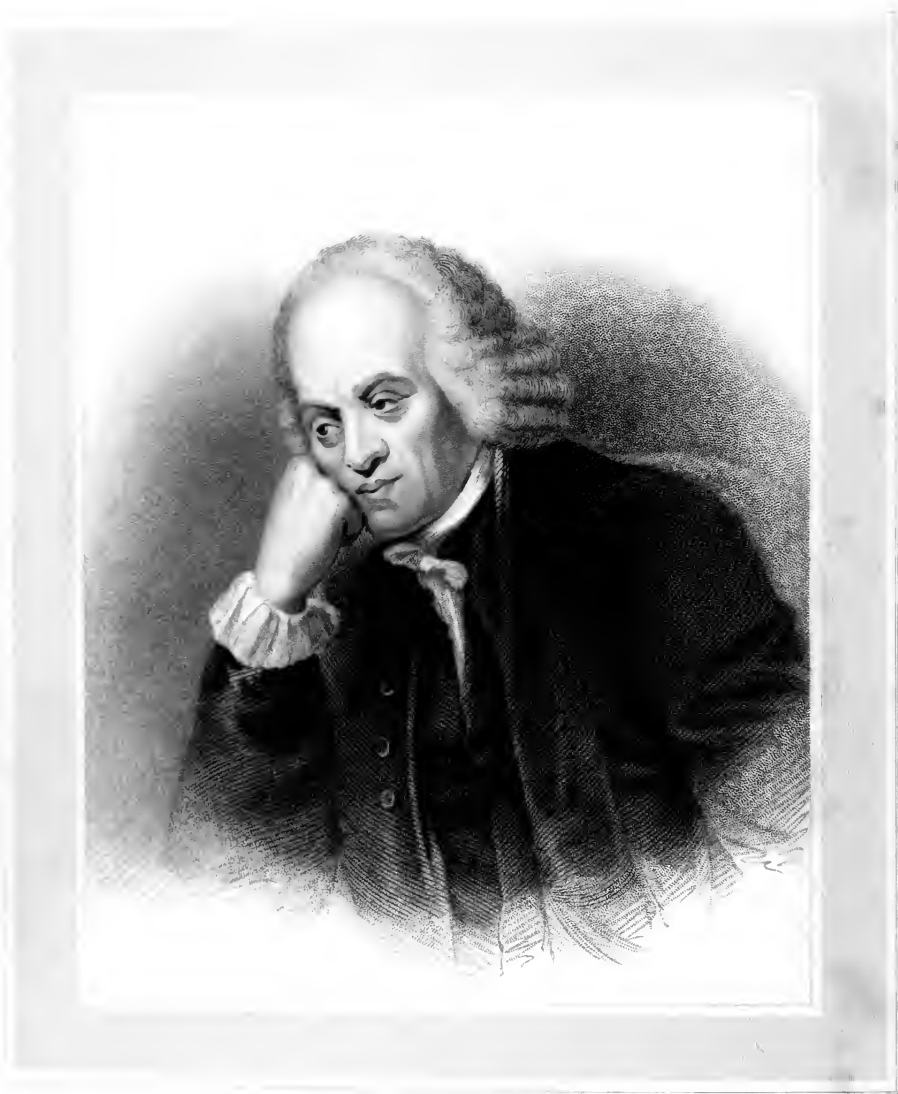
Stukely, however, rejects the story, and renders *Lich*, a morass.

Among many other distinguished characters born in the native city of JOHNSON, may be mentioned Elias Ashmole, the founder of the noble museum at Oxford; Dr. Smalridge; Dr. Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol; and Johnson's own pupil, fellow-adventurer, and friend, DAVID GARRICK.

Mr. Nichols says, “Of his birth-place Johnson always spoke with a laudable enthusiasm: ‘its inhabitants,’ he said, ‘were more orthodox in their religion, more pure in their language, and more polite in their manners, than those of any other town in the kingdom.’” and he often lamented, that “no city of equal antiquity and

LICHFIELD.

worth had been so destitute of a native to record its fame, and transmit its history to posterity." In the year 1795, however, there appeared, "A History of the City and County of Lichfield," and also "A History of the Antiquities of the Cathedral of Lichfield, by John Jackson, Esq.;" and there followed, in 1806, "The History and Antiquities of the Church and City of Lichfield, containing its ancient and present State, Civil and Ecclesiastical: by the Rev. Thomas Harwood," in one volume quarto; to which work we refer the reader for accurate and interesting information respecting the birth-place of JOHNSON.



WILLIAM DUNN

1740

W. D. Dunn

W. D. Dunn



MICHAEL JOHNSON;

FATHER OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

From an original Drawing, in the possession of Mr. MURRAY.

MICHAEL JOHNSON, bookseller, was born at Cubley in Derbyshire, in 1656, and died in Lichfield, of an inflammatory fever, at the age of seventy-six, in 1731. He was, according to his son, a pious and worthy man, but wrong-headed, positive, and “afflicted with *melancholy*,” which was transmitted largely in his blood. In the Appendix to the first volume of Mr. Murray’s variorum Edition of Boswell will be found such particulars of his history as were taken down by Mrs. Piozzi from the conversation of Dr. Johnson, or have been collected from other sources by the diligence of Mr. Croker.

Michael is said to have been “of still larger size and greater strength than his son, who was reckoned very like him.” The portrait now given, and which has never before been engraved, shows certainly a striking resemblance to the features of Dr. Johnson; and the father’s handwriting, also, though feebler, is very like that of his son.

The following is the title-page of one of Michael Johnson’s Sale Catalogues, in Mr. Upcott’s collection:—

“A Catalogue of choice books, in all faculties, divinity, history, travels, law, physic, mathematics, philosophy, poetry, &c., together with Bibles, common-prayers, shop-books, pocket-books, &c. Also fine French prints, for staircases and large chimney-pieces; maps, large and small. To be sold by Auction, or he who bids most, at the Talbot, in Sidbury, Worcester. The sale to begin on Friday the 21st of this instant March, 1717–18, exactly at six o’clock in the afternoon, and to continue till all be sold. Catalogues are given out at the place of sale, or by Michael Johnson of Lichfield.”

On the back of the title-page is this characteristic Address:—

“To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, in and near Worcester:—

“I have had several auctions in your neighbourhood, as Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, &c. with success, and am now to address myself, and try my fortune with you.

PART I.

" You must not wonder that I begin every day's sale with small and common books; the reason is, a room is some time a filling; and persons of address and business seldom coming first, they are entertainment till we are full: they are never the last books of the best kind of that sort, for ordinary families and young persons, &c. But in the body of the catalogue you will find law, mathematics, history; and for the learned in divinity, there are Drs. South, Taylor, Tillotson, Beveridge, Flavel, &c., the best of that kind: and to please the Ladies, I have added store of fine pictures and paper-hangings; and, by the way, I would desire them to take notice, that the pictures shall always be put up by the noon of that day they are to be sold, that they may be viewed by daylight.

" I have no more, but to wish you pleased, and myself a good sale, who am your humble servant,

" M. JOHNSON."

The subject of Michael Johnson's professional travels cannot be dismissed, without recalling to memory a touching and highly characteristic incident in the life of his illustrious son, which has been thus preserved by Mr. Warner, in his "Tour through the Northern Counties of England, 1802."

" During the *last visit* which the Doctor made to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast table. On inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set out off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account; when, just before the supper-hour, the door opened, and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner: ' Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father.' "

Dr. Johnson's *last visit* to his native town was in November, 1784; and he died on the 13th of the following month.

He & another Very liberal of mine, one Mr. Johnson,
set out this morning for London to get her: Darry
Garrick to be with you early in next week, & Mr.
Johnson to my big taste with a tragedy & to see to get
himself employ'd in some Translations either from
a Latin or French. Johnson is a very good
scholar & poet & I have great hopes will turn out a
fine Tragedy-writer. I am over, Dear Sir

To The Rev. & Mr. Colson Your most obliged &
at his house in most Affect. hum serv.
Rochester. Gile Watmough.

By way of }
London }

Left

Lichfield,
Mar. 2. 1736.





LETTER FROM GILBERT WALMESLEY, Esq.

TO THE

REV. JOHN COLSON, F.R.S.

From the original, in the possession of Mr. Urcott.

IN the year 1737, Johnson, having nearly completed his Tragedy of IRENE, came to the determination of giving up his little academy at Lichfield, and trying his fortune in London; and it is a memorable circumstance, that Garrick, who had been his pupil, accompanied him thither, with intent to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law; from which, however, he was soon diverted by his passion for the stage. “Both of them,” says Mr. Boswell, “used to talk pleasantly of this their first journey to London. Garrick, evidently meaning to embellish a little, said one day in my hearing, ‘We rode and tied.’ And the Bishop of Killaloe informed me, that, at another time, when Johnson and Garrick were dining together in a pretty large company, Johnson humorously ascertaining the chronology of something, expressed himself thus:—‘That was the year when I came to London with twopence halfpenny in my pocket.’ Garrick overhearing him, exclaimed, ‘Eh? what do you say? with twopence halfpenny in your pocket?’—Johnson. ‘Why, yes; when I came with twopence halfpenny in *my* pocket, and thou, Davy, with three halfpence in *thine*.’”

Upon setting out from Lichfield, Garrick received from Gilbert Walmesley, Esq. the following letter of introduction to the Rev. John Colson, at that time first master of the free school at Rochester:—

“Lichfield, March 2. 1737.

“DEAR SIR,

“I had the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but I cannot say I had a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, as well by an early friendship, as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications; and, had I a son of my own, it would be my

ambition, instead of sending him to the university, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is.

"He, and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Johnson, set out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a Tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy-writer. If it should any way lie in your way, doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

"I am ever, Dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble Servant,

"G. WALMESLEY."

Gilbert Walmesley was Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court at Lichfield; where he died, August 3. 1751; and a monument to his memory has been erected in that Cathedral, with an inscription from the pen of Mr. Seward, one of the Prebendaries.

The letter to Mr. Colson, to whose academy at Rochester Garrick went, does not appear to have proved beneficial to Johnson; but his gratitude was not the less on that account; and many years after Mr. Walmesley's death, he paid, in his life of Edmund Smith, the following beautiful tribute to the memory of his early friend:—

"Of Gilbert Walmesley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that, at least, my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

"He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy, yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

"He had mingled with the gay world, without exemption from its vices or its follies; but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind. His belief of revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, then pious. His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great, and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes, in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.

"At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found — with one who has lengthened and one who has gladdened life; — with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend. But what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."





Feb 27 8th 1750

One double sent
 to the gate of the



EDWARD CAVE,

PROJECTOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

EDWARD CAVE, as the first bookseller who had the good sense to discover Johnson's talents and acquirements, and who employed and befriended him at the moment when such assistance was most needful, is often mentioned in Boswell's Narrative, where several of his letters are also preserved. In Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. v., the reader will find various minute particulars of his professional career; but the following tribute to his memory, from the pen of Dr. Johnson, which appeared originally in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754, will be sufficient for our present purpose : —

“ Edward Cave was born at Newton, in Warwickshire, February 29, 1691. His father was the youngest son of Mr. Edward Cave, of Cave's in the Hole, a lone house on the Street Road in the same county, which took its name from the occupier; but, having concurred with his elder brother in cutting off the entail of a small hereditary estate, by which act it was lost from the family, he was reduced to follow, in Rugby, the trade of a shoemaker. He was a man of good reputation in his narrow circle, and remarkable for strength and rustic intrepidity. He lived to a great age, and was in his latter years supported by his son.

“ It was fortunate for Edward Cave, that, having a disposition to literary attainments, he was not cut off by the poverty of his parents from opportunities of cultivating his faculties. The school of Rugby, in which he had, by the rules of its foundation, a right to be instructed, was then in high reputation, under the Rev. Mr. Holyock, to whose care most of the neighbouring families, even of the highest rank, entrusted their sons. He had judgment to discover, and, for some time, generosity to encourage, the genius of young Cave; and was so well pleased with his quick progress in the school, that he declared his resolution to breed him for the University, and recommend him as a servitor to some of his scholars of high rank. But prosperity which depends upon the caprice of others is of short duration. Cave's superiority in literature exalted him to an invidious familiarity with boys who were far above him in rank and expectations; and, as in unequal associations it always happens, whatever unlucky prank was played was imputed to Cave. When any mischief, great or small, was done, though perhaps others boasted of the stratagem when it was successful, yet, upon detection or miscarriage, the fault was sure to fall upon poor Cave.

“ At last his mistress, by some invisible means, lost a favourite cock. Cave was with little examination stigmatised as the thief or murderer; not because he was more apparently criminal than others, but because he was more easily reached

by vindictive justice. From that time Mr. Holyock withdrew his kindness visibly from him, and treated him with harshness, which the crime in its utmost aggravation could scarcely deserve, and which surely he would have forborne, had he considered how hardly the habitual influence of birth and fortune is resisted; and how frequently men, not wholly without sense of virtue, are betrayed to acts more atrocious than the robbery of a hen-roost, by a desire of pleasing their superiors.

“Those reflections his master never made, or made without effect; for, under pretence that Cave obstructed the discipline of the school, by selling clandestine assistance, and supplying exercises to idlers, he was oppressed with unreasonable tasks, that there might be an opportunity of quarrelling with his failure; and when his diligence had surmounted them, no regard was paid to the performance. Cave bore this persecution for a while; and then left the school, and the hope of a literary education, to seek some other means of gaining a livelihood.

“He was first placed with a Collector of the Excise. He used to recount with some pleasure a journey or two which he rode with him as his clerk, and relate the victories that he had gained over the exciseman in grammatical disputations. But the insolence of his mistress, who employed him in servile drudgery, quickly disgusted him; and he went up to London in quest of more suitable employment.

“He was recommended to a timber-merchant at the Bank Side, and, while he was there on liking, is said to have given hopes of great mercantile abilities. But this place he soon left, I know not for what reason, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Collins, a printer of some reputation, and deputy alderman.

“This was a trade for which men were formerly qualified by a literary education, and which was pleasing to Cave, because it furnished some employment for his scholastic attainments. Here, therefore, he resolved to settle, though his master and mistress lived in perpetual discord, and their house could be no comfortable habitation. From the inconveniences of these domestic tumults he was soon released, having in only two years attained so much skill in his art, and gained so much the confidence of his master, that he was sent without any superintendent to conduct a printing-house at Norwich, and publish a weekly paper. In this undertaking he met with some opposition, which produced a public controversy, and procured young Cave reputation as a writer.

“His master died before his apprenticeship was expired; and, as he was not able to bear the perverseness of his mistress, he quitted her house upon a stipulated allowance, and married a young widow, with whom he lived at Bow. When his apprenticeship was over, he worked as a journeyman at the printing-house of Mr. Barber, a man much distinguished and employed by the Tories, whose principles had at that time so much prevalence with Cave, that he was for some years a writer in ‘Mist’s Journal,’ which (though he afterwards obtained, by his wife’s interest, a small place in the Post Office) he for some time continued. But, as interest is powerful, and conversation, however mean, in time persuasive, he by degrees inclined to another party; in which, however, he was always moderate, though steady and determined.

“When he was admitted into the Post Office, he still continued, at his intervals of attendance, to exercise his trade, or to employ himself with some typographical business. He corrected the ‘Gradus ad Parnassum,’ and was liberally rewarded by the Company of Stationers. He wrote an account of the Criminals, which had for some time a considerable sale; and published many little pamphlets that accident brought into his hands, of which it would be very difficult to recover the memory. By the correspondence which his place in the Post Office facilitated, he procured country newspapers, and sold their intelligence to a journalist of London for a guinea a week.

“He was afterwards raised to the office of Clerk of the Franks, in which he acted with great spirit and firmness: and often stopped franks which were given by Members of Parliament to their friends, because he thought such extension

of a peculiar right illegal. This raised many complaints; and having stopped, among others, a frank given to the old Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer, he was cited before the House, as for breach of privilege, and accused, I suppose very unjustly, of opening letters to detect them. He was treated with great harshness and severity; but, declining their questions by pleading his oath of secrecy, was at last dismissed. And it must be recorded to his honour, that, when he was ejected from his office, he did not think himself discharged from his trust, but continued to refuse to his nearest friends any information about the management of the office.

“By this constancy of diligence, and diversification of employment, he in time collected a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small printing-office, and began *The Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical pamphlet, of which the scheme is known wherever the English language is spoken. To this undertaking he owed the affluence in which he passed the last twenty years of his life, and the fortune which he left behind him, which, though large, had been yet larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable projects, of which I know not that ever one succeeded.

“Mr. Cave, when he formed the project, was far from expecting the success which he found; and others had so little prospect of its consequence, that, though he had for several year talked of his plan among printers and booksellers, none of them thought it worth the trial. That they were not restrained by their virtue from the execution of another man's design, was sufficiently apparent as soon as that design began to be gainful; for in a few years a multitude of magazines arose, and perished: only *The London Magazine*, supported by a powerful association of booksellers, and circulated with all the art and all the cunning of trade, exempted itself from the general fate of Cave's invaders, and obtained, though not an equal, yet a considerable sale.

“Cave now began to aspire to popularity; and, being a greater lover of poetry than any other art, he sometimes offered subjects for poems, and proposed prizes for the best performances. The first prize was fifty pounds, for which, being but newly acquainted with wealth, and thinking the influence of fifty pounds extremely great, he expected the first authors of the kingdom to appear as competitors; and offered the allotment of the prize to the Universities. But, when the time came, no name was seen among the writers that had been ever seen before; the Universities and several private men rejected the province of assigning the prize. At all this Mr. Cave wondered for a while; but his natural judgment, and a wider acquaintance with the world, soon cured him of his astonishment, as of many other prejudices and errors. Nor have many men been seen raised by accident or industry to sudden riches, that retained less of the meanness of their former state.

“He continued to improve his Magazine, and had the satisfaction of seeing its success proportionate to his diligence, till in the year 1751 his wife died of an asthma; with which, though he seemed not at first much affected, yet in a few days he lost his sleep and his appetite; and, lingering two years, fell, by drinking acid liquors, into a diarrhœa, and afterwards into a kind of lethargic insensibility, in which one of the last acts of reason he exerted, was fondly to press the hand that is now writing this little narrative. He died January 10. 1754, æt. 63.

“He was a man of large stature, not only tall but bulky, and was, when young, of remarkable strength and activity. He was generally healthful, and capable of much labour and long application; but in the latter years of his life was afflicted with the gout, which he endeavoured to cure or alleviate by a total abstinence both from strong liquors and animal food. From animal food he abstained about four years, and from strong liquors much longer; but the gout continued unconquered, perhaps unabated.

“His resolution and perseverance were very uncommon: whatever he undertook, neither expense nor fatigue were able to repress him; but his constancy

was calm, and, to those who did not know him, appeared faint and languid; but he always went forward, though he moved slowly.

"The same chillness of mind was observable in his conversation; he was watching the minutest accent of those whom he disgusted by seeming inattention; and his visitant was surprised when he came a second time, by preparations to execute the scheme which he supposed never to have been heard.

"He was, consistently with his general tranquillity of mind, a tenacious maintainer, though not a clamorous demander, of his right. In his youth, having summoned his fellow-journeymen to concert measures against the oppression of their masters, he mounted a kind of rostrum, and harangued them so efficaciously, that they determined to resist all future invasions. And when the Stamp Officers demanded to stamp the last half-sheet of the Magazines, Mr. Cave alone defeated their claim, to which the proprietors of the rival Magazines would meanly have submitted.

"He was a friend rather easy and constant, than zealous and active; yet many instances might be given, where both his money and his diligence were employed liberally for others. His enmity was, in like manner, cool and deliberate; but, though cool, it was not insidious, and though deliberate, not pertinacious.

"His mental faculties were slow; he saw little at a time, but that little he saw with great exactness. He was long in finding the right, but seldom failed to find it at last. His affections were not easily gained, and his opinion not quickly discovered. His reserve, as it might hide his faults, concealed his virtues; but such he was, as they who best knew him have most lamented."

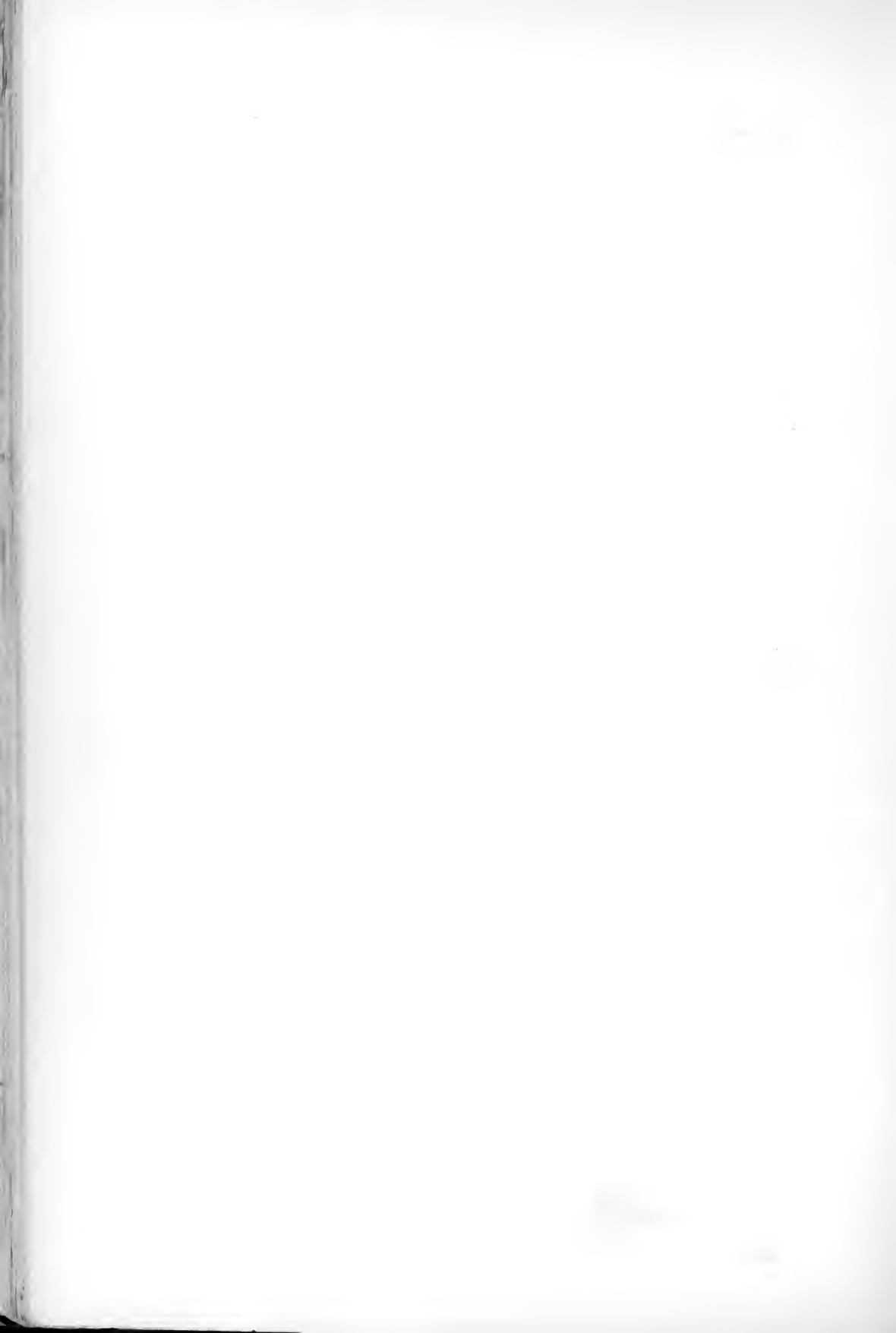


Sir
 I lent to Mr Oswald for a first
 Volume of Archbishop's Works,
 and had obtained an Abrogement
 of his life in order to put it in
 a magazine; but lost it a Day
 after, and therefore must defer it till the
 October Magazine You mention not Barnet
 Archbp of Glasgow Christian name; which
 I should choose to see & am

Sir
 your humble Servant
 Edward Cave

St John's Gate 22 7th 1747





LETTER FROM EDWARD CAVE;

WITH A VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

In the collection of Mr. UPcott.

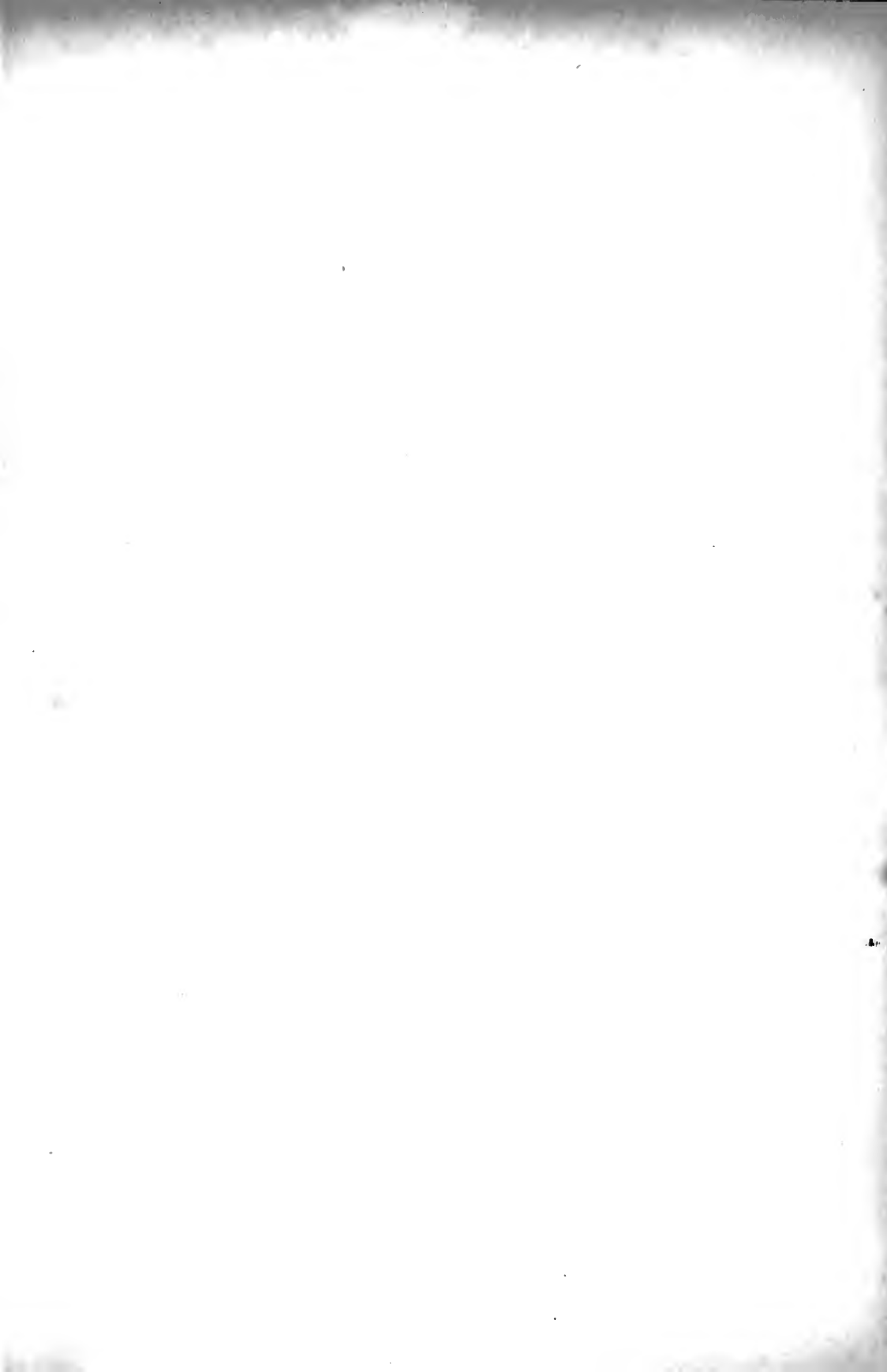
ST. JOHN'S GATE, Clerkenwell, where Cave resided, is the only relique of a once extensive and magnificent priory of the heroic Knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, which was suppressed, at the dissolution of the monastic-houses, by King Henry VIII., in 1540, and has been destroyed, all but this interesting fragment, by successive dilapidations. The last prior, Sir William Weston, though the King had allowed him to retire on what was then a very large pension, viz., 1000*l.* per annum, died of a broken heart the very day that the establishment was dissolved. Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, said, that when he first saw St. John's Gate "he beheld it with reverence," as the place where the Gentleman's Magazine was published; and Boswell adds, "I suppose every young author has had the same feeling for the periodical publication which has first entertained him, and in which he has first had an opportunity of seeing himself in print, without the risk of expressing his name." Mr. Croker, however, says, "The Gentleman's Magazine had been at this time but six years before the public, and its contents were, until Johnson himself contributed to improve it, entitled to any thing rather than *reverence*: it is much more probable that Johnson's *reverence* was excited by the recollections connected with the ancient gate itself."

From his close intimacy with Cave, Johnson was much at St. John's Gate, and taught Garrick the way thither. Cave having been told by Johnson, that his friend had talents for the theatre, and was come to London with a view to the profession of an actor, expressed a wish to see him in some comic character: Garrick readily complied; and, as Cave himself told Sir John Hawkins, with a little preparation of

the room over the great arch of St. John's Gate, and, with the assistance of a few journeymen printers, who were called together for the purpose of reading the other parts, represented, with all the graces of comic humour, the principal character in Fielding's farce of the Mock Doctor.

The following striking proof of Johnson's extreme indigence, six years after he published his "London," and very soon after his "Life of Savage" had issued from the press, has been preserved by Walter Harte, the author of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus : —

"Soon after Savage's Life was published, Mr. Harte dined with Edward Cave, and occasionally praised it. Soon after, meeting him, Cave said, "You made a man very happy t'other day." "How could that be?" says Harte. "Nobody was there but ourselves." Cave answered, by reminding him, that a plate of victuals was sent behind a screen, which was to Johnson, dressed so shabbily, that he did not choose to appear; but, on hearing the conversation, he was highly delighted with the encomiums on his book."



Sir I did not care to disturb your leisure while I wrote an answer to your letter, in which you so ~~com~~ to compensate that I had promised more than I am ready to perform. If I have reaped your expectations by any thing that may have spared my memory I am sorry, and if you remind me of it, I shall thank you for the favour. If I made fewer alterations than appeared in the sketches as was only because there appeared, and still appeared to me as too little work of alteration. As to Father Paul, I have not yet been just to my proposal, and will have met with impediments which I hope, and now at least, and if you find the progress hereafter not such as you have a right to expect you can easily impute a negligent Translator. I am Sir

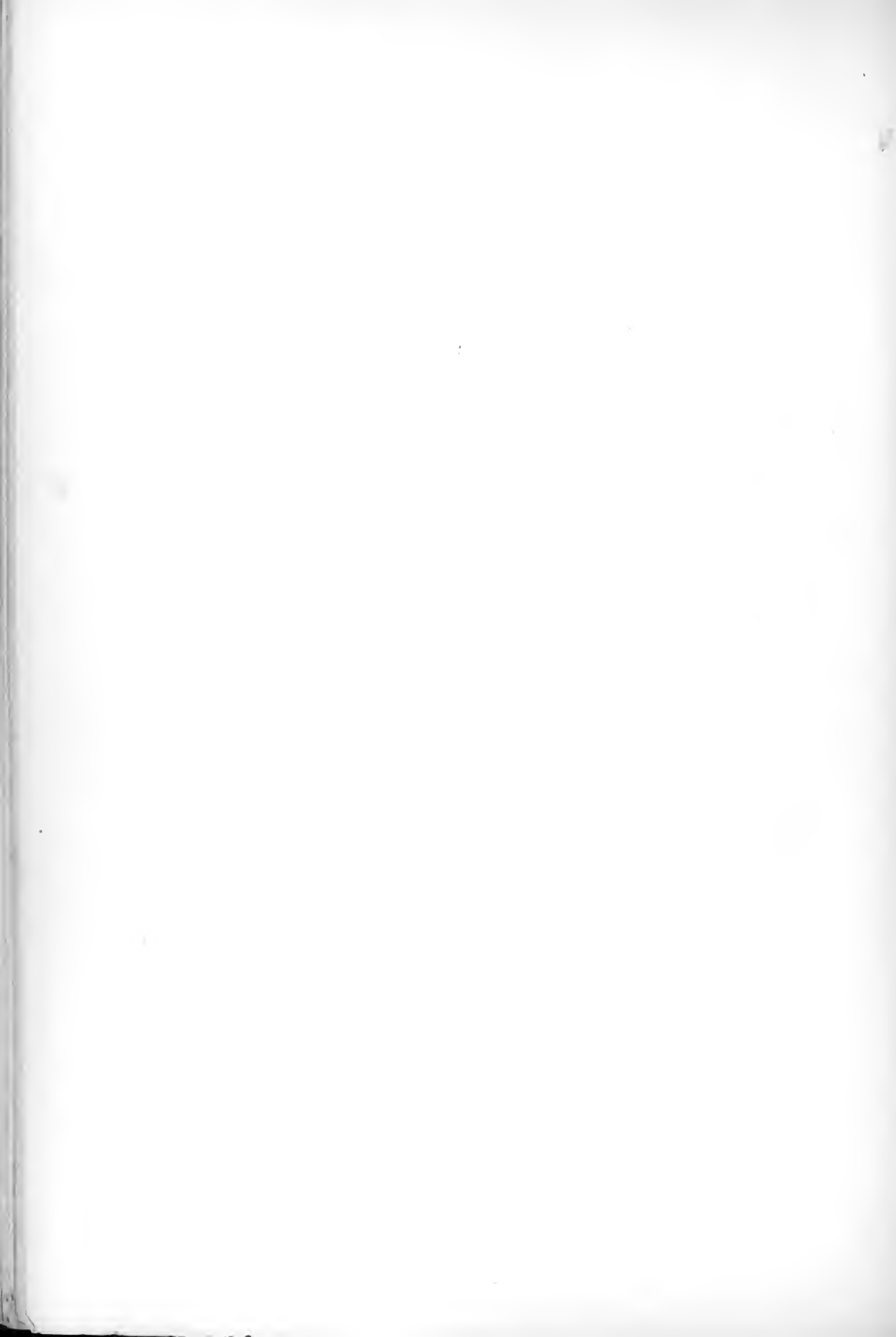
To Mr Cave at

St John's Gate

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson
Wednesday.





LETTER FROM JOHNSON TO CAVE.

From the original, in the possession of Mr. URCOTT.

THIS is a fac-simile of a portion of the following letter from Johnson to Cave, written in August or September, 1738; when the author was employed on the Parliamentary Debates for the Gentleman's Magazine, and on a translation of Father Paul Sarpi's celebrated History of the Council of Trent.

" Wednesday.

" SIR,

" I did not care to detain your servant while I wrote an answer to your letter, in which you seem to insinuate that I had promised more than I am ready to perform. If I have raised your expectations by any thing that may have escaped my memory, I am sorry; and if you remind me of it, shall thank you for the favour. If I made fewer alterations than usual in the Debates, it was only because there appeared, and still appears to be, less need of alteration. The verses to Lady Firebrace may be had when you please, for you know that such a subject neither deserves much thought nor requires it.

" The Chinese Stories may be had folded down when you please to send, in which I do not recollect that you desired any alterations to be made.

" An answer to another query I am very willing to write, and had consulted with you about it last night, if there had been time; for I think it the most proper way of inviting such a correspondence as may be an advantage to the paper, not a load upon it.

" As to the Prize Verses, a backwardness to determine their degrees of merit is not peculiar to me. You may, if you please, still have what I can say; but I shall engage with little spirit in an affair, which I shall *hardly* end to my own satisfaction, and *certainly* not to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

" As to Father Paul, I have not yet been just to my proposal, but have met with impediments, which, I hope, are now at an end; and if you find the progress hereafter not such as you have a right to expect, you can easily stimulate a negligent translator.

" If any or all of these have contributed to your discontent, I will endeavour to remove it; and desire you to propose the question to which you wish for an answer.

" I am, Sir, your humble servant,

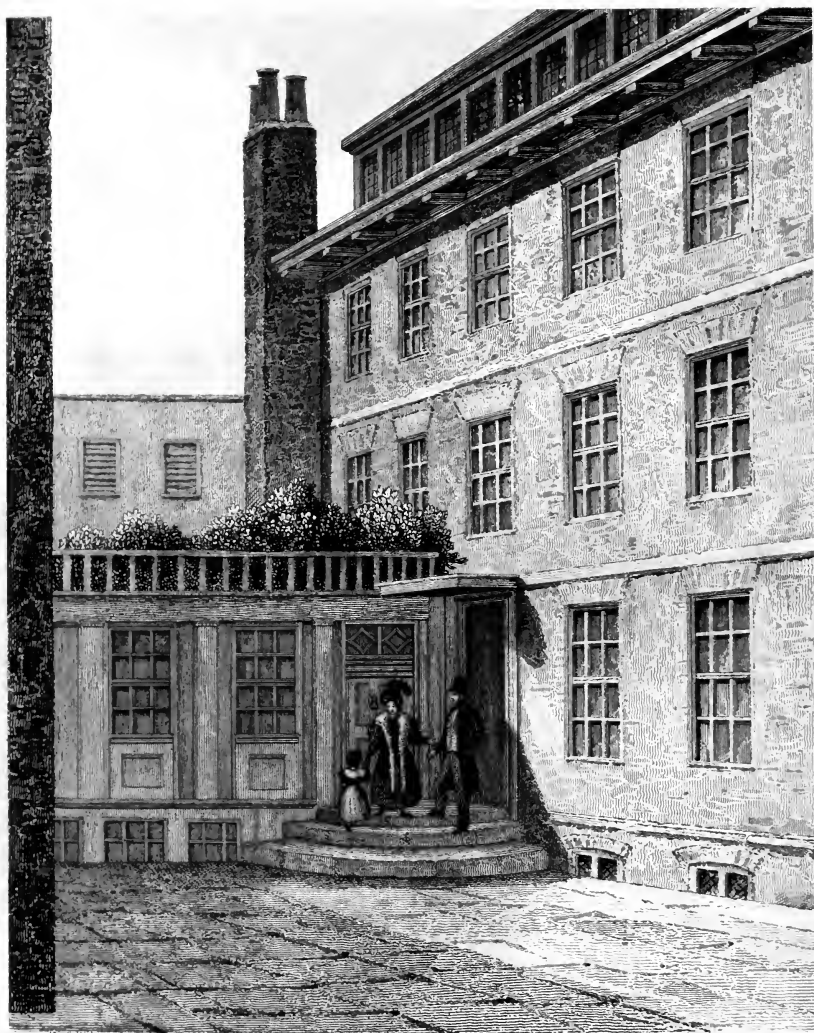
" *To Mr. Cave, St. John's Gate.*"

" SAM. JOHNSON."

Some sheets of this translation were printed off, but the design was dropt; "for it happened oddly enough," says Boswell, "that

another person of the name of Samuel Johnson, librarian of St. Martin's in the Fields, and curate of that parish, engaged in the same undertaking, and was patronized by the clergy, particularly by Dr. Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. Several light skirmishes passed between the rival translators, in the newspapers of the day; and the consequence was that they destroyed each other, for neither of them went on with the work. It is much to be regretted, that the able performance of that celebrated genius Fra Paolo, lost the advantage of being incorporated into British literature by the masterly hand of Johnson."





From a sketch by the late T. Smith.

Engraved by J. Smith, 1791.

At the Sign of the Star.

Printed by J. Smith, 1791.





VIEW OF DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE,

NO. 8. BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

IN 1776, Dr. Johnson changed his residence, in Johnson's Court, for a somewhat larger one in Bolt Court; still keeping to his favourite Fleet Street. He commenced an intimacy with his landlord, Mr. Edmund Allen, the printer, whose house and office immediately adjoined. Behind the house was a garden, which he took delight in watering: a room on the ground-floor was assigned to Mrs. Williams; and the whole of the second story, including the small room in which he usually studied, was filled with his library. Here, whenever he was not with the Thrales at Streatham, the doctor was ready to receive the visits of his friends, and to the most intimate of them sometimes gave not inelegant dinners.

It will be observed that this house had no architectural pretensions; but, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that the district in which it stood has been always very respectably, and in many instances elegantly, inhabited. If we could take a retrospective view of the locality, we should find it to have been once adorned with very handsome dwellings situated in gardens then extending to Fleet Street. These gardens, having long since been built on, form the sites of Gough Square, Wine Office Court, Red Lion Court (remarkable for a Templar's Tavern), and last, though certainly not least, Bolt Court.

In November, 1807, a terrible fire laid waste the printing-office formerly Mr. Allen's, but then occupied by Mr. Bensley. On the subsequent repair and enlargement of Mr. Bensley's premises, the interior of the residence of Dr. Johnson was taken into them; but the front remained unaltered. Bishop Jebb, writing on the 10th of June, 1815, says, "I was t'other evening in Sam Johnson's house, in the apartment where he breathed his last, in Bolt Court. You may judge with what reverence! The premises are now partly bare

VIEW OF DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE.

rooms, partly a printing-office, in the occupation of Mr. Bensley, forming but a minute part of his vast concerns. I could not help comparing the palace of the Printer with the humble dwelling of the Sage, and then asking myself, how poor a thing is pelf! how unworthy of our care and competition!" *Letters to A. Knox, Esq.*, vol. ii. p. 233.

Nothing now remains of Dr. Johnson's residence in this court.





James Oglethorpe





GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE was born in London in 1698; admitted of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1714; and, entering soon after into the army, served under Prince Eugene against the Turks.

In 1724 he was elected Member for Haslemere, and continued to represent that borough until the year 1754. In 1729 he engaged in the generous inquiry into the state of the gaols, on finding a gentleman, whom he had occasion to visit in the Fleet prison, loaded with irons; and was appointed Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons to whom the inquiry was entrusted.

In 1732 he took an active part in the settlement of the new colony of Georgia, to which he went out as one of the trustees; and engaged in it with that ardour which marked all his undertakings. He succeeded, after encountering innumerable hardships and difficulties, and expended, in the course of the service, large sums of his private fortune. In 1734 he returned to England; and in the following year embarked a second time for Georgia, carrying with him the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, who went thither with the pious intention of instructing the Indians. His activity in settling this colony obtained for him the immortality of Pope's celebrated couplet —

“One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.”

In 1765 he was advanced to the rank of general; and was, for several years before his death, the oldest on the list. He was unusually tall and thin, and had an exceedingly shrill voice, which could be heard in the lobby when he was speaking in the House of Commons. Remarkable for his abstemiousness, he enjoyed good health; and such was his activity, that, to the last, he would outwalk those who were by many years his juniors. He retained his understanding, his eye-sight (reading without spectacles), his hearing, and the use of his limbs, till within two or three days of his death, which

took place at Cranham-hall, Essex, July 1. 1785, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

General Oglethorpe was as remarkable for his learning and taste as for his high professional qualities; and no man was more prompt, active, and generous in encouraging merit. He was one of the warmest patrons of Johnson's "London," on its first appearance in 1738; and the Doctor often gratefully acknowledged the kind and effectual support which he gave to that poem, though totally unacquainted with its author. He urged the General to give the world his auto-biography: "I know no man," he said, "whose life would be more interesting; and, if I were furnished with materials, I should be very glad to write it."

The accompanying engraving is made from a pen-and-ink sketch, taken February 18th, 1785, by the late Samuel Ireland, of Norfolk Street in the Strand, while the General was attending the sale of Dr. Johnson's library, at Christie's great room in Pall Mall. The original is in the possession of Mr. Upcott. The fac-simile of the handwriting is from a letter, in the British Museum, addressed to Sir Hans Sloane, and dated from Savannah, in Georgia, September 19. 1733.





Engraved by D. & C. Smith

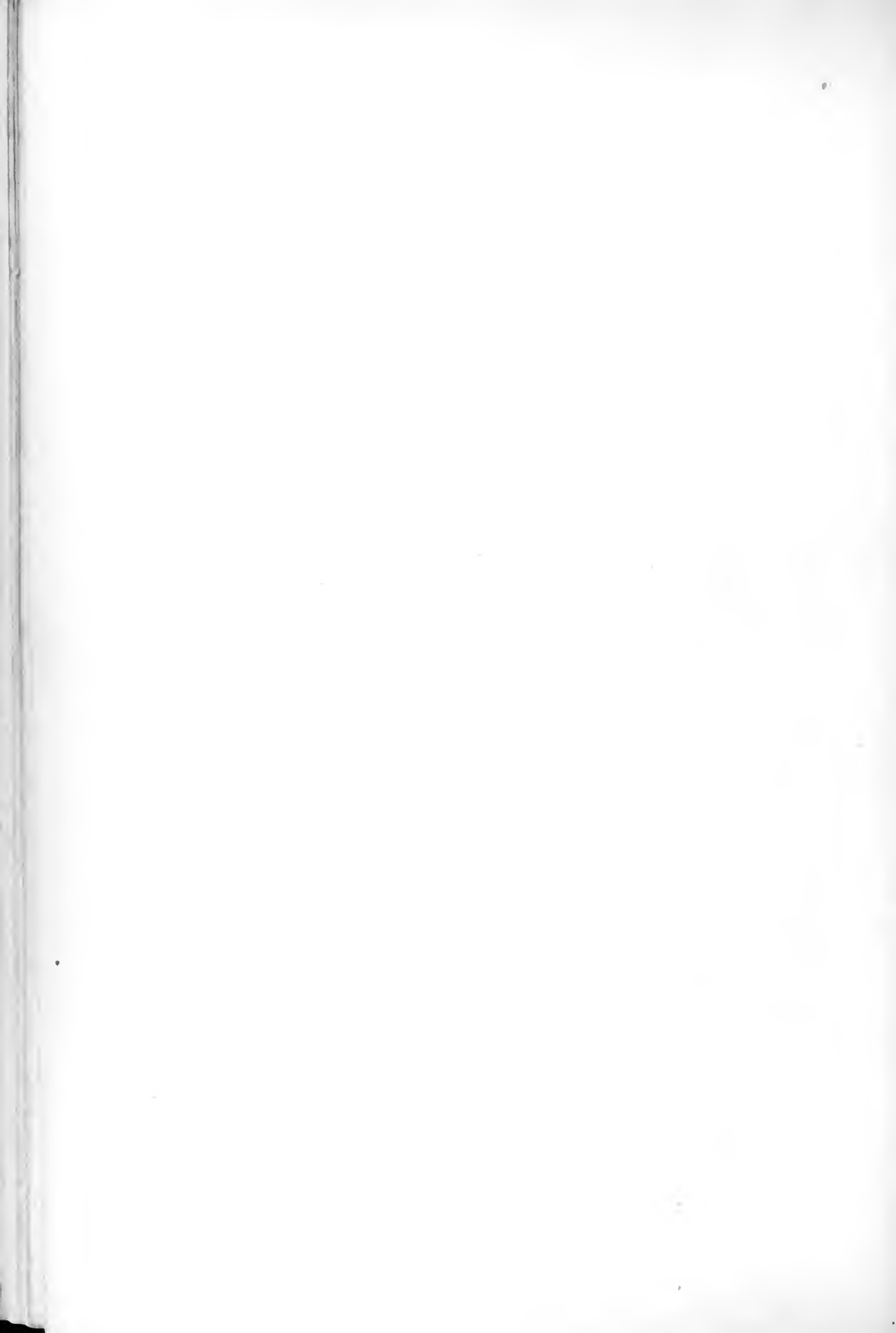
Castle of the Lifford



Engraved by D. & C. Smith

Castle of the Lifford





THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LICHFIELD,

WHERE DR. JOHNSON WAS EDUCATED.

LICHFIELD Grammar School was founded by Edward the Sixth. The school-room is a large structure, built probably at the time of its foundation, soon after the first charter of incorporation granted to that city.

“At this school,” says Boswell, “Johnson began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher or under master, ‘a man,’ said he, ‘very skilful in his little way.’ With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head master, who, according to his account, ‘was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used,’ said he, ‘to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him.’

“It is, however, but justice to the memory of Mr. Hunter to mention, that, though he might err in being too severe, the school of Lichfield was very respectable in his time. The late Dr. Taylor, prebendary of Westminster, who was educated under him, told me, that ‘he was an excellent master, and that his ushers were most of them men of eminence; that Holbrook, one of the most ingenious men, best scholars, and best preachers of his age, was usher during the greatest part of the time that Johnson was at school. Then came Hague, of whom as much might be said, with the addition that he was an elegant poet. Hague was succeeded by Green.”

Among the other distinguished men who received the rudiments of their education at this seminary, were—Addison, whose father was Dean of Lichfield; Elias Ashmole; Gregory King; Dr. Wollaston, author of “*The Religion of Nature delineated*,” Bishops Smalridge and Newton; the five following Judges, who sat upon the bench at the same time—The Lord Chief Justice Willes, Chief Baron Parker, Mr. Justice Noel, Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, and Sir Richard Lloyd, Baron of the Exchequer; Dr. James, the author of the *Medical Dictionary*, and inventor of the Fever Powders; Isaac Hawkins Browne; and David Garrick.

EDIAL HALL,

THE RESIDENCE OF DR. JOHNSON IN 1735.

EDIAL HALL, situated about a mile west of Lichfield, was the residence chosen by Johnson, in the year 1735, with the design of establishing himself, under the sanction and encouragement of his friend and patron, Gilbert Walmesley, Esq., as a teacher of literature. This period of his life is thus noticed by Boswell:—

“He now set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house, well situated, near his native city. In the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1736, there is the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

*At Edial, near Litchfield in Staffordshire, Young Gentlemen are Boarded,
and Taught the Latin and Greek Languages, by*

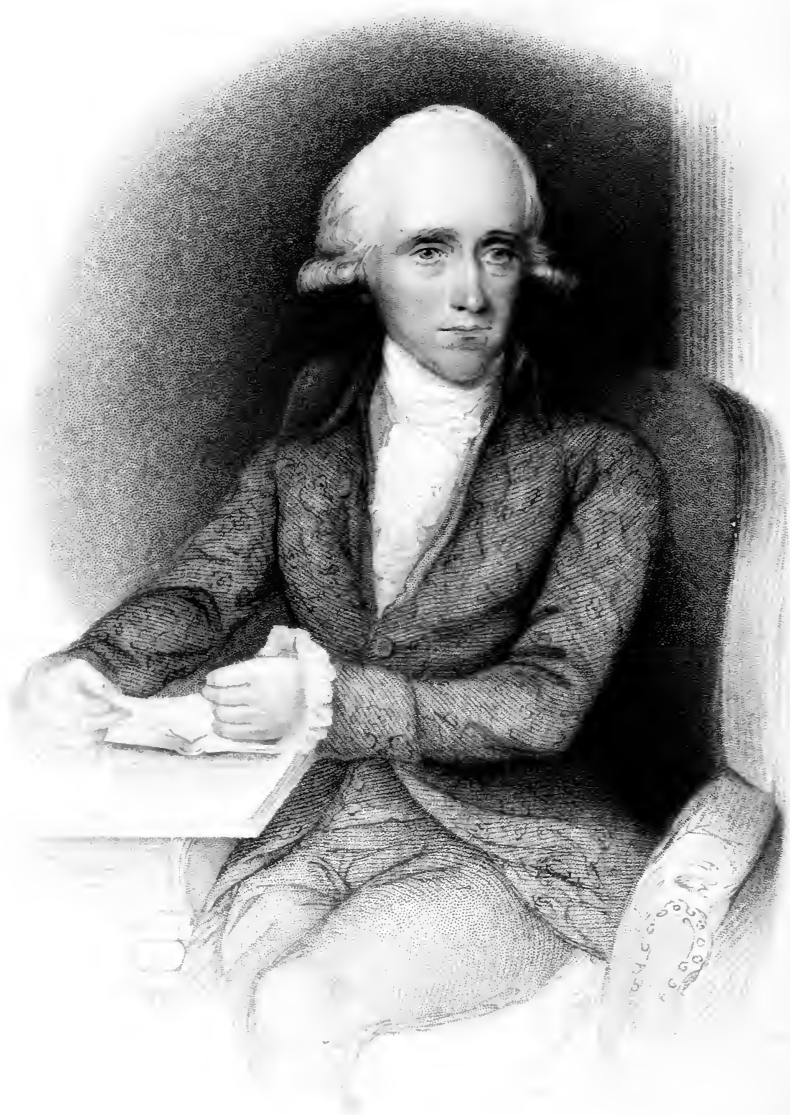
July 1736.

Samuel Johnson.

But the only pupils that were put under his care were the celebrated David Garrick and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman of good fortune, who died early. As yet, his name had nothing of that celebrity which afterwards commanded the highest attention and respect of mankind. Had such an advertisement appeared after the publication of his London, or his Rambler, or his Dictionary, how would it have burst upon the world! with what eagerness would the great and the wealthy have embraced an opportunity of putting their sons under the learned tuition of Samuel Johnson! The truth, however, is, that he was not so well qualified for being a teacher of elements, and a conductor in learning by regular gradations, as men of inferior powers of mind. His own acquisitions had been made by fits and starts, by violent irruptions in the regions of knowledge; and it could not be expected that his impatience would be subdued, and his impetuosity restrained, so as to fit him for a quiet guide to novices. We need not wonder, therefore, that he did not keep his academy above a year and a half.”

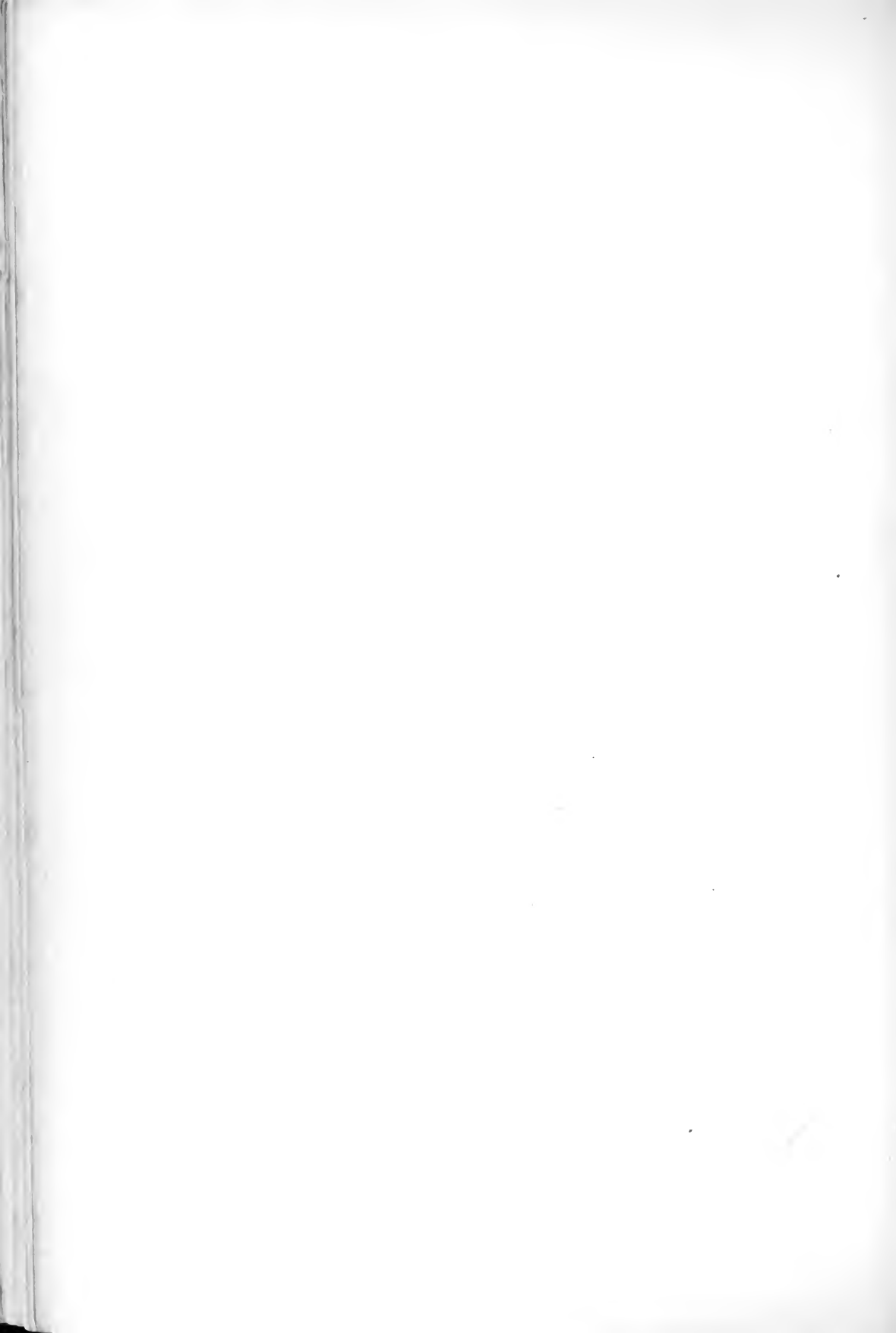
A view of “Edial Hall, the residence of Dr. Samuel Johnson,” is given in Harwood’s History of Lichfield, 1809, 4to.; where it is stated, that “the house had undergone no material alteration since it was inhabited by this illustrious tenant.” It has, however, been subsequently taken down, and nothing now remains except a portion of the stables and the garden wall.





Warren Hastings.





THE RIGHT HON. WARREN HASTINGS, LL.D. F.R.S.

From an original Miniature Painting, in the possession of Mr. Uppcott,
by OZIAS HUMPHRY, R. A.

WARREN HASTINGS, the descendant of an ancient family, which had, for many generations, possessed the manor of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, although not the family residence at the time of his birth, was born in that neighbourhood in 1733. After being educated at Westminster, from which seminary he withdrew with the character of being one of the best scholars of his day, he went out to India as a writer in the Company's service. Rising by his merits, he at last obtained the principal management of affairs in the East, and displayed great vigour and prudence in his administration: but, notwithstanding the wisdom of his measures, he was exposed to a vexatious impeachment and trial, which lasted nine years, and ended, in April, 1795, in his entire acquittal. From this period he passed the remainder of his life in retirement, although honoured with a seat in the Privy Council; and died August 22. 1818, having attained his seventy-fifth year.

The Governor of India was a statesman possessing great urbanity of manners, and a most conciliating disposition. Some striking memorials of Johnson's good will towards him have been furnished by Mr. Hastings to his biographer; and in 1791, while the impeachment was pending, Boswell describes him as "a man whose regard reflects honour even upon Johnson; a man, the extent of whose abilities was equal to that of his power; and who, by those who are fortunate enough to know him in private life, is admired for his literature and taste, and beloved for his candour, moderation, and the mildness of his character. Were I capable," he adds, "of paying a suitable tribute of admiration to him, I should certainly not withhold it at a moment when it is not possible that I should be suspected of being an interested flatterer. But how weak would be my voice, after that of the millions whom he governed!"

The poet Cowper, firmly convinced that Mr. Hastings had been injuriously treated, "as an act of mere justice," addressed the following Lines to him in May, 1792:—

“ TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

“ BY AN OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW OF HIS, AT WESTMINSTER.

“ Hastings ! I knew thee young, and of a mind,
While young, humane, conversable, and kind :
Nor can I well believe thee, gentle *then*,
Now grown a villain, and the *worst* of men ;
But rather some suspect, who have oppress’d
And worried thee, as not themselves the *BEST*.”

At an early period Mr. Hastings cultivated the muses ; and that even the terrors of an impeachment could not deter him from sacrificing at their shrine, is shown by the spirited imitation of Horace’s “ *Otium Divos*,” which he wrote in 1785, during his passage to Europe, and addressed to his friend Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth. We give the concluding stanzas :—

“ Short is our span : then why engage
In schemes for which man’s transient age
Was ne’er by fate design’d ?
Why slight the gifts of Nature’s hand ?
What wanderer from his native land
E’er left himself behind ?

“ The restless thought, and wayward will,
And discontent attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives :
At sea, care follows in the wind ;
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

“ He who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away, }
Nor think of woes to come ;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix’d, at best, is man’s estate
By Heaven’s eternal doom.

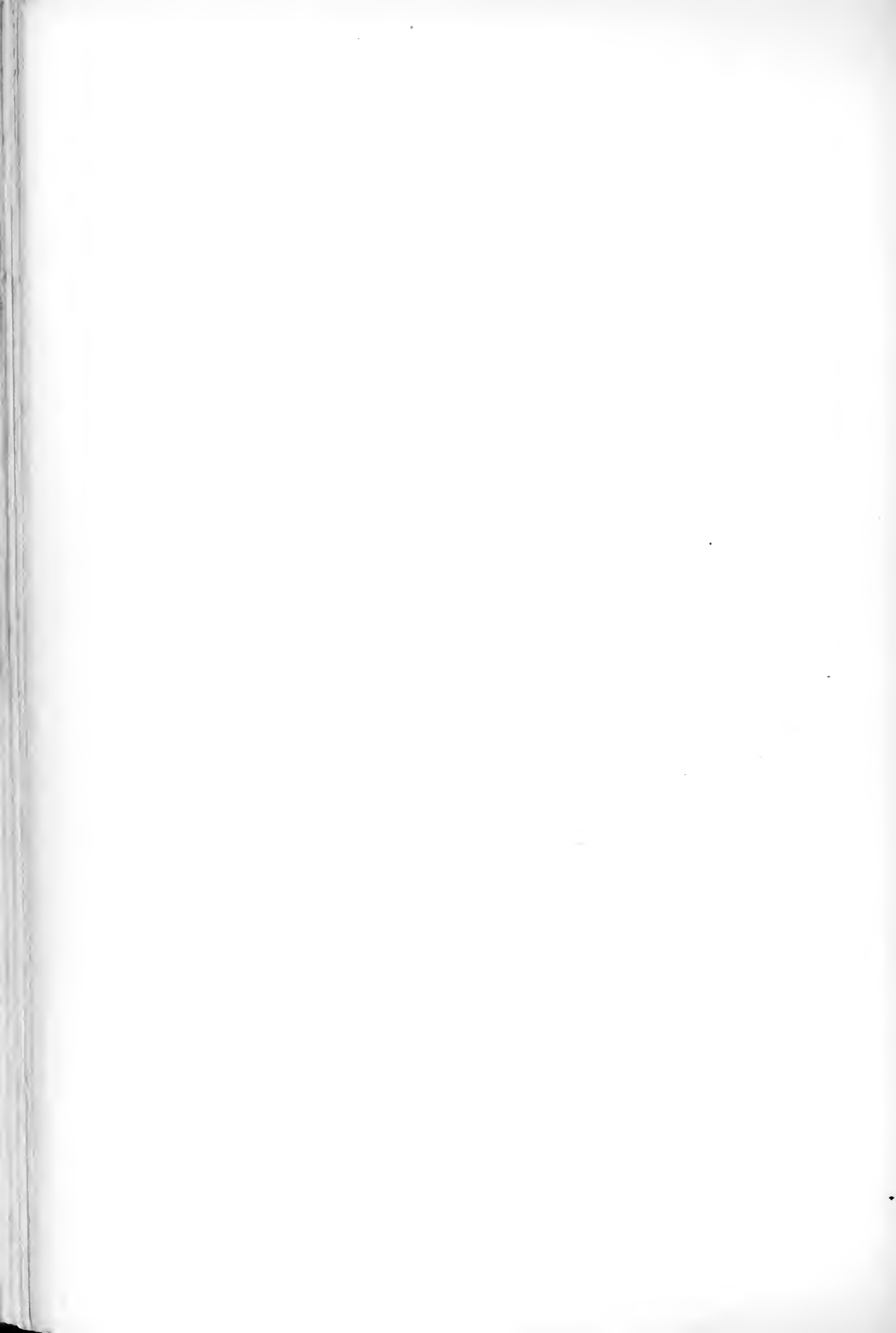
“ To thee, perhaps, the Fates may give—
I wish they may—in health to live,
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields :
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine ;
With thee, the Muse, already thine,
Her present bounties yields.

“ For me, O Shore ! I only claim
To merit, not to seek for fame,
The good and just to please :
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heaven’s choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.”

It is understood that a detailed biography of this eminent person, including copious extracts from his journals and correspondence, may be shortly looked for from the pen of the Rev. George Robert Gleig, author of the “ *Subaltern*,” the “ *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*,” and other popular works.







FAC-SIMILES OF AUTOGRAPHS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

1. HENRY SACHEVEREL, an English clergyman of Marlborough, who made a considerable noise in his day, was educated at Oxford, and died in 1724, after having been prosecuted by the House of Lords for two sermons preached, one at Derby and the other at St. Paul's, in 1709, in which he asserted non-juring principles, and reflected severely on the Act of Toleration. His trial inflamed the high church party to dangerous riots and excesses: it ended in his being suspended from preaching for three years, and his sermons burned by the common hangman. The Tories being in office when his suspension expired, he was freed with every mark of public rejoicing, and ordered to preach before the House of Commons on the 29th of May, 1712. He received the thanks of the House for his discourse, and was soon after presented to the valuable rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

2. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, Prebendary of Gloucester Cathedral, and Archdeacon of Landaff. He died January 13. 1789, aged 82.

3. WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the poet, of Hales-Owen, Shropshire. Born November 18. 1714; died February 11. 1763. His works, in prose and verse, were collected and published by Dodsley, in three volumes octavo.

4. SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, KNT., one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, and author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England," a work pronounced by Sir William Jones to be "the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited of any human science." Born in Cheapside, London, July 10. 1723. Died February 14. 1780; and was buried in St. Peter's church, Wallingford, Berks.

5. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M.A., born at Gloucester, where his parents kept an inn, December 16. 1714; was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley, and joined the society they had formed, which procured them the name of Methodists. In 1739 he obtained priest's orders from

Bishop Benson, after which he went about preaching; and, when the churches were shut against him, he gathered immense congregations in the open air. He visited America several times; and died at Newbury Port, in New England, September 30. 1770.

6. WILLIAM GUTHRIE, author of the well known Geographical Grammar, History of Scotland, and other works. Born at Brechin, in 1708. Died 1770. Boswell states, that Dr. Johnson esteemed him enough to wish that his life should be written.

7. THE REVEREND JOHN COLSON, F. R. S., an eminent mathematician. Became, in 1709, first master of the free-school at Rochester in Kent — appointed, in 1739, Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge — died January 20. 1760.

8. ROBERT DODSLEY, born at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in 1703; was originally apprenticed to a stocking weaver, and afterwards became a footman. In this last capacity he published by subscription a volume of poems, entitled “The Muse in Livery,” the profits of which, and of his dramatic piece, “The Toy Shop,” enabled him to commence business as a bookseller, in Pall Mall, London; where he published a number of excellent works. He died at Durham, September 25. 1764.

9. JAMES DODSLEY, partner and successor in business of Robert Dodsley. Early in life he was invited by his brother Robert to become his assistant: and, when the latter quitted trade in 1759, James persevered in acquiring wealth by the most honourable literary connections. He died February 19. 1797.

10. COLLEY CIBBER, Poet Laureate to George II., — a celebrated dramatic writer — and the author of our best specimen of theatrical biography. Born in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, November 6. 1671; educated at Grantham free-school, and was, for a short time in the army, which he quitted for the stage. He died in December, 1756.

11. DAVID MALLET was born in 1700, and died in 1765; leaving, besides the pieces which have secured him a place in the collection of British Poets, several tragedies, of which an edition was published in three volumes 12mo, in 1769; a Life of Lord Bacon; and an edition of the works of Lord Bolingbroke.

12. PETER GARRICK, the elder brother of David. He strongly resembled the great actor in countenance and voice. Dr. Johnson was of opinion, that if he had cultivated the arts of gaiety as much as his brother, he would have rivalled his excellence. He died at Lichfield, Dec. 12. 1795, at the age of 85.

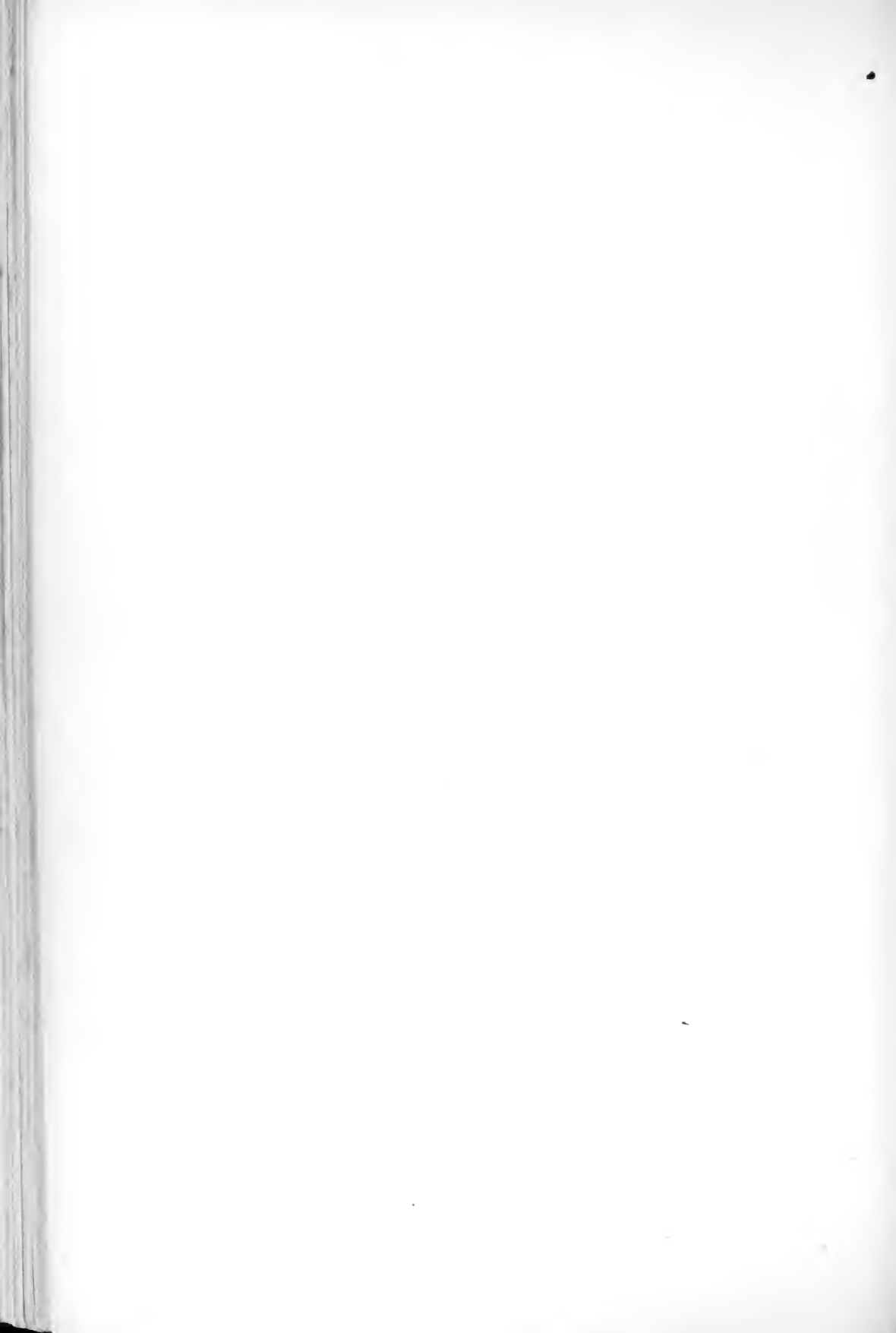


In my first Epistle, I have introduced
my Remarks on our Histories as follows.

But of all plagues, wth which dull prose is curst,
None from it false Historian comes it worst.
Is there of genius one ne'er partial seen,
Thro' Fancy, thro' Affection, or thro' spleen;
Whose aim quite honest, whose discernment clear,
To Truth ~~strikes~~ ^{strikes} Twixt contending parties, steer;
Nor ~~speaks~~ ^{strikes} on this, or that, in State, or Church?
Lives such ~~as~~ a Man? there does — read candid Birch!

While worthy men, like his, &c R: Savage





LETTER FROM RICHARD SAVAGE TO DR. BIRCH.

Sloane MSS. British Museum, No. 4318.

THIS is a fac-simile of a portion of a letter from the unfortunate Richard Savage to Dr. Thomas Birch, and relates to the first of a series of "Epistles upon Authors," which he wrote about the year 1728, but of which only a fragment has appeared, inserted by him in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1741, and entitled "False Historians; a Satire."

Richard Savage, son of the unnatural Countess of Macclesfield, the fruit and the victim of her illicit intrigue with the Earl of Rivers, and whose misfortunes, as well as his genius, have acquired him lasting celebrity, was born in Fox Court, Holborn, on the 10th of January, 1697-8, and died, on the 1st of August, 1743, in the common gaol of Bristol, where he had been six months confined for a debt of about eight pounds.

His works, dispersed in magazines and fugitive publications, were, in 1771, printed in two volumes octavo, and are to be found in the collections of English Poets. His crimes, his follies, and his misfortunes, have been delineated by the strong hand of Dr. Johnson — the sympathiser with his woes, the sharer of his depression, and his companion in many a midnight excursion. "Of Savage, it is difficult," says Boswell, "to speak impartially, without wondering that he was for some time the intimate companion of Johnson; for his character was marked by profligacy, insolence, and ingratitude: yet, as he undoubtedly had a warm and vigorous, though unregulated mind, had seen life in all its varieties, and been much in the company of the statesmen and wits of his time, he could communicate to Johnson an abundant supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity most eagerly desired; and as Savage's misfortunes and misconduct had reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a writer for bread, his visits to St. John's Gate naturally brought

Johnson and him together. It is melancholy to reflect, that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence that they could not pay for a lodging; so that they have wandered together whole nights in the streets. Yet in these almost incredible scenes of distress, we may suppose that Savage mentioned many of the anecdotes with which Johnson afterwards enriched the life of his unhappy companion, and those of other poets." Savage assisted Pope by collecting together the anecdotes of the heroes of the *Dunciad*, which make them so ridiculous in the notes. His high birth, his distresses, and his merit, made Pope his benefactor for life; and he contributed an annuity of 20*l.* a year towards his support: but Savage irrecoverably lost the good opinion of the great poet by his unconquerable arrogance; for he had, unfortunately, the art of chilling the liberality of his warmest patrons.

The following literary curiosity is in Mr. Upcott's collection: —

“£6 9 1½

June 29th, 1731.

“Three months after date I promise to pay Mr. Andrew Millar, or order, six pounds nine shillings and three halfpence, for value received.

Per me, R. SAVAGE.”

Indorsed —

“Mr. Savage, at Mrs. Walker's, in Bishop's Court, in Durham Yard.”

Andrew Millar has likewise indorsed it thus: —

“Received, March 20. 173½, three pounds, in part of within bill.

“Per A. MILLAR.





Rev. Owen Cambridge





RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

From an original Drawing, by OZIAS HUMPHRY, R. A., in the possession of Mr. URCOTT.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, born in London, February 14. 1717, was descended from a family that had been long established in Gloucestershire. His father, a Turkey merchant, died soon after his birth, leaving him to the care of his mother and of her brother, Thomas Owen, Esq., a lawyer, retired to Britwell Place, in Buckinghamshire; who, having no issue, adopted his nephew as his future representative.

Mr. Cambridge was sent early to Eton, where, amongst his principal friends and associates, he numbered Jacob Bryant, Gray the poet, Horace Walpole, Dr. Barnard (afterwards Master and Provost of Eton), and Dr. Cooke, Dean of Ely; besides many others, who became known in the world as men of taste and learning, and with most of whom he formed a friendship which lasted through their respective lives. From Eton he removed to St. John's College, Oxford; which he left in 1737 for Lincoln's Inn. In 1741, he married a daughter of George Trenchard, Esq., of Wolveton, in Dorsetshire, and settled at his family seat of Whitminster in Gloucestershire. In 1748, the death of Mr. Owen put him into possession of that gentleman's property; and by his uncle's desire he added the name of Owen to his own.

In 1751, he purchased a villa at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, immediately opposite to Richmond Hill; an event which contributed essentially to the happiness of his future life, during a period of more than fifty years. In this year his name became known to the literary world as the author of "*The Scribleriad*," a mock-heroic poem, in six books, which, in a spirited vein of poetry and satire, very happily ridicules the errors of false taste and false learning, and which has been pronounced, by the author of the "*Pursuits of*

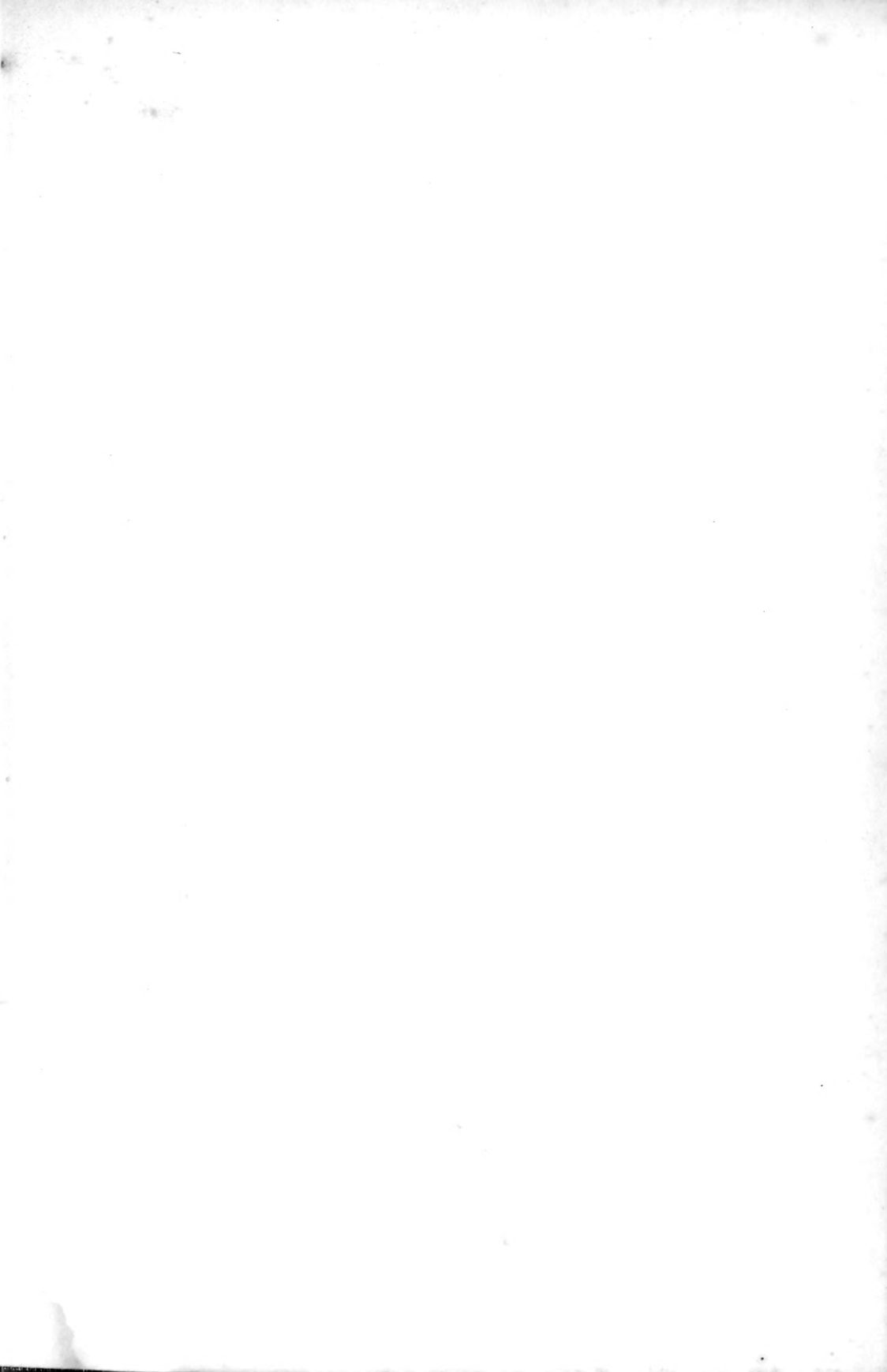
Literature," to be a work "of great fancy, just composition, and poetical elegance, but, above all, of mature judgment, conspicuous throughout." But what most contributed to establish his reputation for humour and a just insight into character, were his Essays published in "The World," a periodical paper begun in 1752, and kept up with great spirit for four years.

Mr. Cambridge's mode of living at Twickenham was in the hospitable style of a country gentleman. His house was always open to his friends, and to those whom merit, talents, or knowledge entitled to his notice.

Among the men of literary eminence, for whose learning and genius he entertained a high respect, the name of Dr. Johnson must not be omitted: to an intercourse with him the world is indebted for a pleasing and correct sketch of Mr. Cambridge's character, taste, and pursuits, at an advanced period of his life, from the pen of Mr. Boswell; who, after relating the particulars of a conversation that passed during one of the Doctor's visits at Twickenham, for a more correct account of which he referred, several years afterwards, to Mr. Cambridge, subjoins the following passage:—

"I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications from Mr. Cambridge; whom, if a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, a few miles distant from London, a numerous and excellent library, which he accurately knows and reads, a choice collection of pictures, which he understands and relishes, an easy fortune, an amiable family, an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance distinguished by rank, fashion, and genius, a literary fame, various, elegant, and still increasing, colloquial talents rarely to be found, and, with all these means of happiness, enjoying, when well advanced in years, health and vigour of body, serenity and animation of mind, do not entitle to be addressed *fortunate senex*! I know not to whom, in any age, that expression could with propriety have been used. Long may he live to hear and to feel it!"

Mr. Cambridge died at Twickenham, September 17. 1802, in his eighty-sixth year. His works, including an Account of his Life and Character, by his son, George Owen Cambridge, Archdeacon of Middlesex, were published in a quarto volume in 1803.



Twickenham March 22, 1778
 I must mention the noblest action of your life,
 your Generosity to Nephew David; all the
 world is repeating your praises; those people
 who always envied you, and wish'd to
 detract from you always, declaring you
 loved money too much ever to part from
 it now they will feel foolish and look
 contemptible; all that I can say is; I wish
 that heaven had made me such an uncle
 To David Garrick Esq C. Clive



Painted by John Smith del. & engr.

THE RESIDENCE OF
 CATHERINE CLIVE,
 TWICKENHAM



THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. CLIVE,
TWICKENHAM.

CATHERINE CLIVE, the distinguished comic actress, was the daughter of Mr. Raftor, an Irish gentleman, and first appeared on the stage in 1728. She continued for more than thirty years in full possession of the public favour, playing a great variety of characters in comedy and ballad farces. Churchill says of her in the *Rosciad*,

“ In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,
For humour famed, and humour all her own ;
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the Critic’s praise, nor fear’d his rod ;
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please ;
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humour’s base, more merit or more praise.”

Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of her comic powers, and conversed more with her than with any other actress. He observed to Boswell, “ Clive, Sir, is a good thing to sit by ; she always understands what you say. In the sprightliness of humour I have never seen her equalled : what she did best she did better than Garrick, but could not do so many things well ; she was a better romp than any I ever saw in nature.” And she used to say of him, “ I love to sit by Dr. Johnson ; he always entertains me.”

In 1769, having acquired a handsome competence, she resolved, though still retaining her comic powers, to bid adieu to the stage. In a letter addressed to Garrick in April 1769, she thus writes : —

“ I am glad you are well, for the sake of my audience, who will have the pleasure to see their own Don Felix. What signifies fifty-two ? They had rather see *the* Garrick and *the* Clive at a hundred-and-four, than any of the moderns : — the ancients, you know, have always been admired. I do assure you, I am at present in such health and such spirits, that when I recollect I am an old woman I am astonished. My dear town are giving me such applause every time they see me, that I am in great fear for myself on my benefit-night : I shall be overcome with kindness. Indeed I have every day fresh instances of the public affection for me. Lord Clive has behaved in a noble manner : he sent me the most polite note, and fifty pounds for his box.”

Accordingly, on the 24th of April, after appearing in her favourite character of Flora, in "The Wonder," she delivered the following farewell address, written by Horace Walpole:—

"With glory satiate, from the bustling stage,
Still in his prime, and much about my age,
Imperial Charles (if Robertson says true)
Retiring, bid the jarring world adieu!
Thus I, long honour'd with your partial praise,
A debt my swelling heart with tears repays,—
Scarce can I speak—forgive the grateful pause—
Resign the noblest triumph, your applause.
Content with humble means, yet proud to own
I owe my pittance to your smiles alone;
To private shades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation brave, and sensible, and free,—
Poor Charles! how little, when compar'd to me!
His mad ambition had disturb'd the globe,
And sanguine, which he quitted, was the robe.
Too blest, could he have dar'd to tell mankind,
When pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
That, conscious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made them laugh.
Ill was that mind with sweet retirement pleas'd,
The very cloister that he sought, he teas'd;
And sick at once both of himself and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome ease.
Here ends the parallel. My generous friends,
My exit no such tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic seize you—
If I repent,—I'll come again and please you."

The house to which she retired, at Little Strawberry Hill, is situated on the western extremity of the parish of Twickenham. It was purchased for her use by the Earl of Orford. This excellent actress died December 6. 1785, and was buried at Twickenham. The Earl caused an urn to be placed in the shrubbery attached to her cottage, with the following inscription from his own pen:—

"Ye smiles and jests, still hover round!
This is Mirth's consecrated ground:
Here lived the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, CLIVE her name;
The Comic Muse with her retir'd,
And shed a tear when she expir'd!"





J. Bianchi





THE HONOURABLE TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.

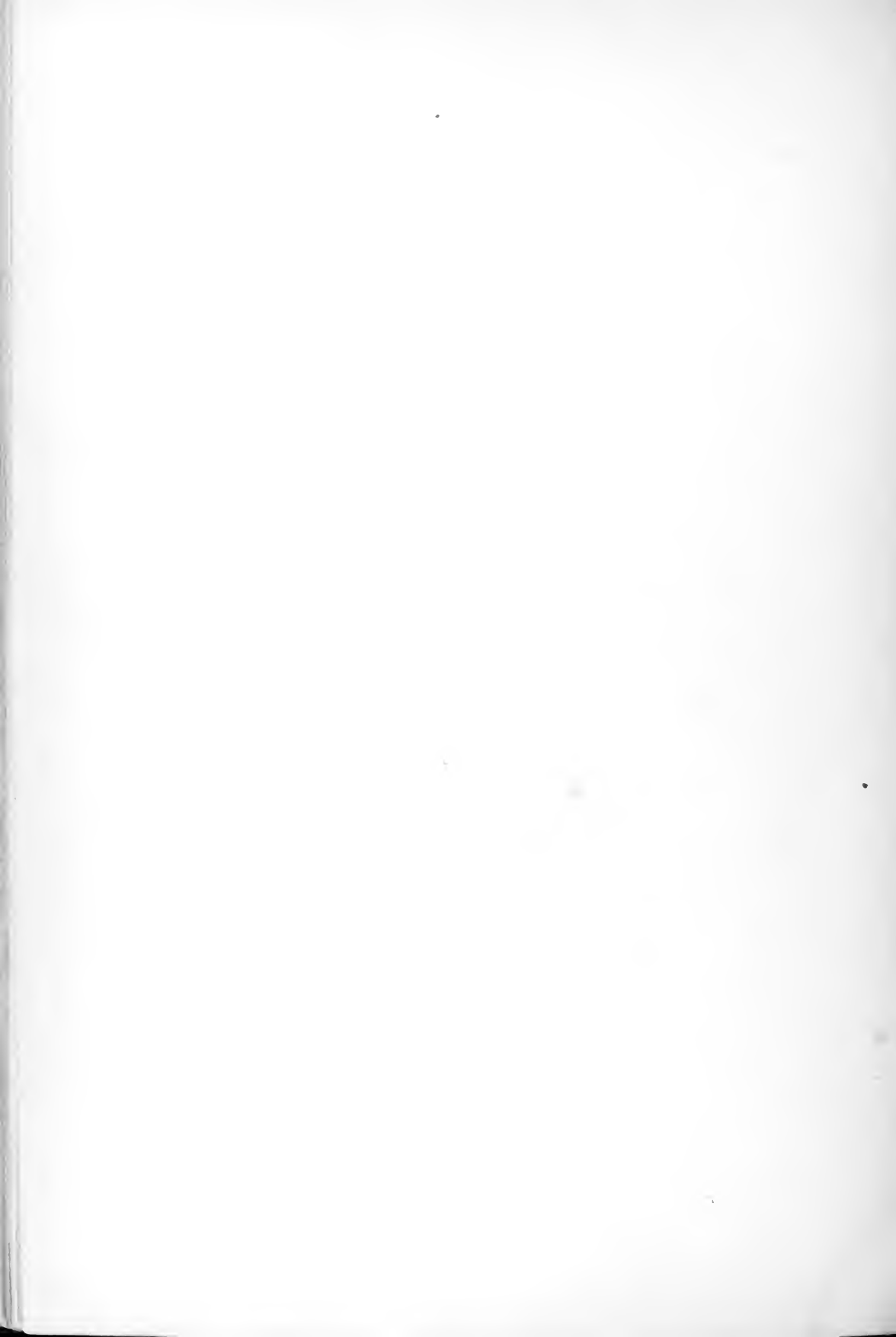
TOPHAM BEAUCLERK, only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's, was born in December, 1739; entered of Trinity College, Oxford, 11th November, 1757; and by his death, which took place March 11. 1780, in his forty-first year, Dr. Johnson's society lost one of its brightest ornaments. Mr. Hardy has preserved Charlemont's opinion of Mr. Beauclerk, with whom he was much connected: —

"His conversation," said his Lordship, "could scarcely be equalled. He possessed an exquisite taste, various accomplishments, and the most perfect good breeding. He was eccentric — often querulous — entertaining a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal; but to those whom he liked, most generous and friendly. Devoted at one moment to pleasure, and at another to literature, sometimes absorbed in play, and sometimes in books, he was, altogether, one of the most accomplished, and, when in good humour, and surrounded by those who suited his fancy, one of the most agreeable men that could possibly exist." — *Life*, vol. i. p. 344.

In a letter from Mr. Bennet Langton to Mr. Boswell, written shortly after the decease of Mr. Beauclerk, he is thus described: —

"The melancholy information you have received concerning Mr. Beauclerk's death is true. Had his talents been directed in any sufficient degree as they ought, I have always been strongly of opinion that they were calculated to make an illustrious figure; and that opinion, as it had been in part formed upon Dr. Johnson's judgment, receives more and more confirmation by hearing what, since his death, Dr. Johnson has said concerning them. A few evenings ago he was at Mr. Vesey's, where Lord Althorpe, who was one of a numerous company there, addressed Dr. Johnson on the subject of Mr. Beauclerk's death, saying, 'Our Club has had a great loss since we met last.' He replied, 'A loss that perhaps the whole nation could not repair!' The Doctor then went on to speak of his endowments, and particularly extolled the wonderful ease with which he uttered what was highly excellent. He said, 'that no man ever was so free, when he was going to say a good thing, from a *look* that expressed that it was coming; or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come.' At Mr. Thrale's, some days before, when we were talking on the same subject, he said, referring to the same idea of his wonderful facility, 'that Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy, than those of any whom he had known.'"

His library, which was sold by public auction in April and May, 1781, produced five thousand and eleven pounds.





Sir Mr Johnson can rem on be
 that I decland to him abou 12 month
 since that I sh^d not have quitted the
 Theatre when I did, if your warmth
 of temper had not provoked
 me to it. At ye same time I own
 I told my friend that my motive
 for so doing was ye being unable
 to attend my shop & ye business of
 ye Stage together -
 Thomas Davie



RESIDENCE OF THOMAS DAVIE'S RUSSELL STREET COVENT GARDEN





THE RESIDENCE OF THOMAS DAVIES,
IN GREAT RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THOMAS DAVIES, a man of considerable strength of mind, who prided himself on being through life a companion for his superiors, was born about the year 1712. He completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, and became, as Dr. Johnson used to say of him, "learned enough for a clergyman." He began his theatrical career in London, under the direction of Henry Fielding, and was the original representative of Young Wilmot, in Lillo's tragedy of "Fatal Curiosity." He afterwards commenced bookseller, in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane; but, meeting with misfortunes in trade, he returned to the stage, and was, in 1753, engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, with his wife, the daughter of Mr. Yarrow, a member of the York company of comedians. The following couplet of Churchill conveys some idea of the lady's person, and shows the contemptuous light in which the histrionic talents of Davies were held by the severe author of the *Rosciad*:—

"With him came mighty Davies. — On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife!"

He finally quitted the stage in 1762, and renewed his former occupation of a bookseller, in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. His shop soon became the resort of many eminent literary characters; and it was here that Dr. Johnson formed an acquaintance with his future biographer; who thus narrates the circumstances of their first interview:—

"On Monday, the 16th of May (1763), when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes!' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy

chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal."

In 1780, by a well-timed publication, "The Life of Garrick," in two volumes, which passed through many editions, Davies not only acquired considerable fame, but realised money. He also published "Dramatic Miscellanies," in three volumes, and was the writer of numerous essays in the *St. James's Chronicle*, and some other of the public newspapers. He died May 5. 1785, aged about 73, and was buried, by his own desire, in the vault of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

"Mr. Thomas Davies," says Boswell, "was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and a very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit."





J. Warton.





THE REV. THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

THE REV. THOMAS WARTON, B. D., was born at Basingstoke, in the year 1728, and from his earliest years discovered a fondness for reading, and a taste for poetry. He was educated at the school of his native town, and in 1743, when in his sixteenth year, was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; where, in 1750, he took his master's degree, and the next year succeeded to a fellowship. In 1757 he was elected Poetry Professor, which office he held till 1767, when he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and was instituted to the rectory of Keddington, in Oxfordshire. He was chosen Camden Professor in 1785; and in the same year the office of Poet Laureat was accepted by him, as it was offered at the express desire of his Majesty; and he filled it with credit to himself and to the place. He died at Oxford, May 20. 1790, in his sixty-second year. His principal works are, 1. "Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queene," 2 vols. 8vo.; and, 2. "History of English Poetry," 3 vols. 4to. An edition of his Poetical Works, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by Richard Mant, appeared in 1802.

Of Dr. Johnson's visit to Oxford in 1754, Mr. Warton preserved the following memorial:—

"When Johnson came, the long vacation was beginning, and most people were leaving the place. This was the first time of his being there, after quitting the university. The next morning after his arrival, he wished to see his old college, Pembroke. I went with him. He was highly pleased to find all the college servants which he had left there still remaining, particularly a very old butler; and expressed great satisfaction at being recognised by them, and conversed with them familiarly. He waited on the master, Dr. Ratcliffe, who received him very coldly. Johnson at least expected that the master would order a copy of his Dictionary, now near publication; but the master did not choose to talk on the subject, never asked Johnson to dine, nor even to visit him while he stayed at college. After we had left the lodgings, Johnson said to me, '*There lives a man who lives by the revenues of literature, and will not move a finger to support it. If I come to live at Oxford, I shall take up my abode at Trinity.*'

"He much regretted that his first tutor was dead; for whom he seemed to retain the greatest regard. He said, 'I once had been a whole morning studying

in Christ-church meadows, and missed his lecture on logic. After dinner he sent for me to his room. I expected a sharp rebuke for my idleness, and went with a beating heart. When we were seated, he told me he had sent for me to drink a glass of wine with him, and to tell me he was *not* angry with me for missing his lecture. This was, in fact, a most severe reprimand. Some more of the boys were then sent for, and we spent a very pleasant afternoon.' "



I wish I could have had the Pleasure
 of a longer Conversation with you at
 Oxford. I wanted to tell you
 about a work which I have now
 in hand. I am writing the History of
 English Poetry: a plan which I once
 mentioned to you, & you were so
 kind as to encourage me to proceed.
 Gray had once an Intention of this sort,
 but he dropped it; as you may see
 by an advertisement to his Works ad q.
 Trih. Coll. Ox. Jun. 23. 1769. D. Norton.

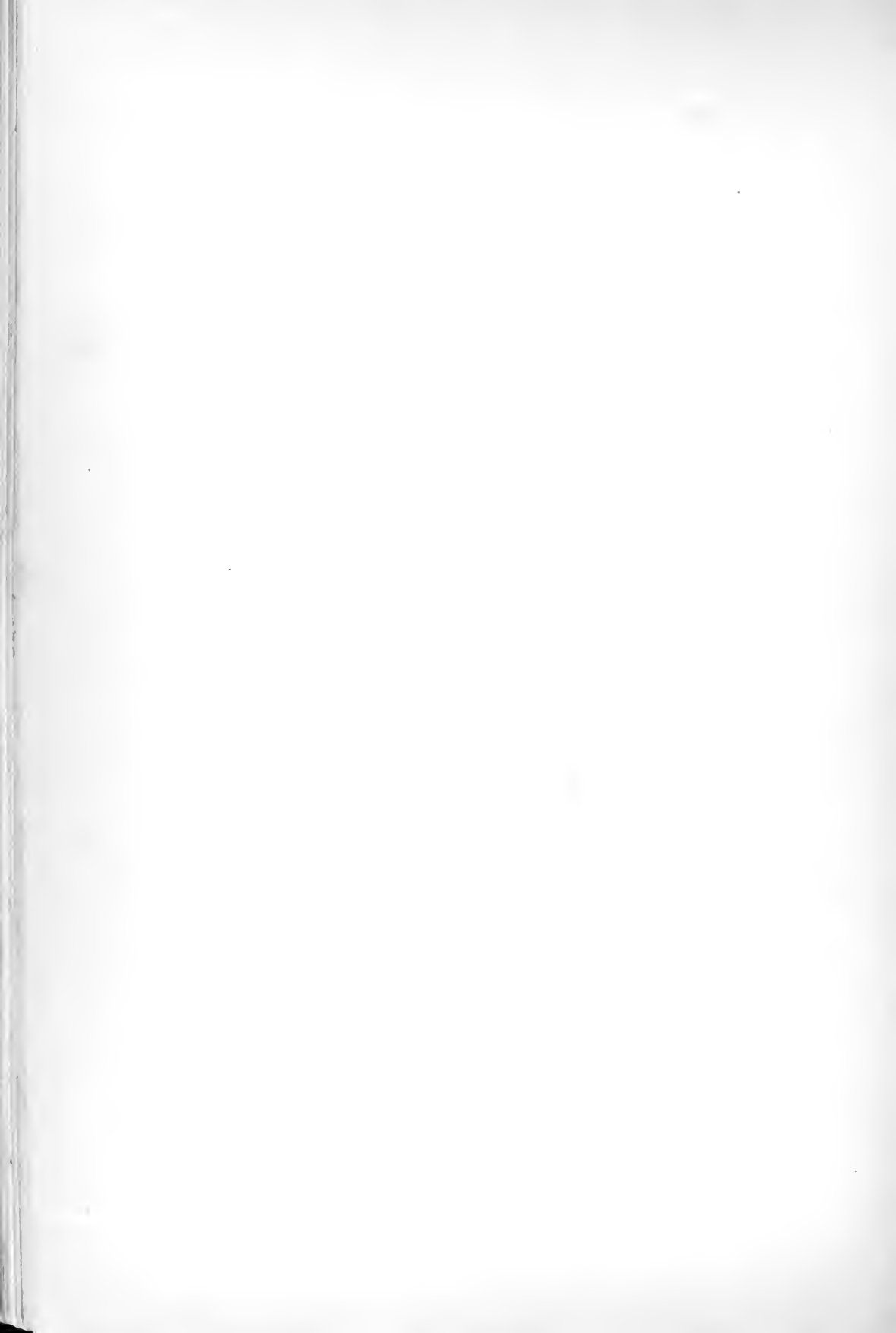






KETTEL-HALL, OXFORD.

KETTEL-HALL, now converted into a commodious private dwelling, derived its name from Dr. Ralph Kettel, a native of Hertfordshire, by whom it was built in 1615, and who was then President of Trinity College, and so continued for the long period of forty-four years. It was originally intended for the use of the commoners of Trinity, with which college it had a communication. Anthony à Wood states, that, during the usurpation, such of the academies as had been famous for acting plays in the time of Charles I. used to perform by stealth in this hall. Dr. Kettel was elected scholar of Trinity at eleven years of age, nominated president in February 1598-9, and died in 1643. When, in the year 1754, Dr. Johnson made an excursion to Oxford for the purpose of consulting the libraries, preparatory to the publication of his Dictionary, he too up his residence at Kettel Hall.







Yours sincerely H Thrale





HENRY THRACLE, Esq.

Now first engraved from a Painting by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DR. JOHNSON's acquaintance with Mr. Thracle, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and long member of parliament for the borough of Southwark, commenced in the year 1765. Mr. Murphy, being well acquainted with both, had spoken of Johnson in Thracle's hearing so as to excite in the latter a strong interest about the Doctor. The result was that Johnson accepted an invitation to dinner; and was so much pleased with his reception both by Mr. and Mrs. Thracle, and they with him, that in the course of a short time he came to be considered as one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him both in their house at Southwark and in their villa at Streatham. Mr. Thracle had been educated at Oxford; was a fair scholar, and in all respects a high-minded gentleman; and the Doctor had a sincere respect for his sound, sagacious understanding, knowledge of business, and, above all, plain, honest character and simple manners. He, on his part, conceived a most deep and affectionate veneration for Johnson, and cultivated him, without remission, from their first acquaintance to his death, which took place on the 4th of April, 1781. Johnson was in the house when he expired; and thus mentions the melancholy event:—

“On Wednesday the 11th was buried my dear friend Thracle, who died on Wednesday the 4th; and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. About five, I think, on Wednesday morning, he expired. I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that, for fifteen years, had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity. Farewell. May God, that delighteth in mercy, have had mercy on thee. I had constantly prayed for him some time before his death. The decease of him, from whose friendship I had obtained many opportunities of amusement, and to whom I turned my thoughts as to a refuge from misfortunes, has left me heavy. But my business is with myself.”

With this kind friend many of the comforts of Johnson's life may be said to have expired. The office, however, of one of his executors,

he took upon him with a very earnest concern; and a story is told, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristic; — that when the sale of the brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, “We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.”*

Johnson wrote the following Latin epitaph for his friend’s tomb in Streatham church. The morality of the conclusion is striking and instructive: —

“In the same tomb lie interred his father, Ralph Thrale, a man of vigour and activity, and his only son, Henry, who died before his father, aged ten years. Thus a happy and opulent family, raised by the grandfather and augmented by the father, became extinguished with the grandson. Go, reader; and, reflecting on the vicissitudes of all human affairs, meditate on eternity!”

Hic conditur quod reliquum est
 HENRICI THRALE,
 Qui res seu civiles, seu domesticas, ita egit,
 Ut vitam illi longiorem multi optarent;
 Ita sacras,
 Ut quam brevem esset habiturus præscire videretur;
 Simplex, apertus, sibi que semper similis,
 Nihil ostentavit aut arte fictum aut cura
 Elaboratum.
 In senatu, regi patriæque
 Fideliter studuit;
 Vulgi obstrepentis contemptor animosus,
 Domi inter mille mercaturæ negotia
 Literarum elegantiam minimè neglexit.
 Amicis quocunque modo laborantibus
 Conciliis, auctoritate, muneribus, adfuit.
 Inter familiares, comites, convivas, hospites,
 Tam facili fuit morum suavitate
 Ut omnium animos ad se alliceret;
 Tam felici sermonis libertate
 Ut nulli adulatus, omnibus placeret.
 Natus 1724. Obiit 1781.
 Consortes tumuli habit Rodolphum patrem, strenuum
 Fortemque virum, et Henricum filium unicum,
 Quem spei parentum mors inopina decennem præripuit.
 Ita
 Domus felix et opulenta, quam erexit
 Avus, auxitque pater, cum nepote decedit.
 Abi Viator!
 Et vicibus rerum humanarum perspectis,
 Æternitatem cogita!

* The brewery was sold by the executors to Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co. for 135,000*l.* While on his tour to the Hebrides, Johnson mentioned, as a matter of wonder-

But the Doctor's regard for Thrale's memory was best shown in the tenderness with which he continued to watch over his surviving family, until the pretty and clever, but vain and volatile widow chose to bestow her hand and fortune upon an Italian adventurer, and thus terminated their confidential intercourse by her own hopeless folly. The following extracts from the Doctor's letters will, however, sufficiently illustrate his feelings as to the widow and children of his excellent friend : —

To Mrs. Thrale. — April 5. 1781. "Of your injunctions to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobserved. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death since that of my wife has ever oppressed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of Him who knows when to give and when to take away ; who will look upon us with mercy through all our variations of existence, and who invites us to call on Him in the day of trouble. Call upon Him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the past, and support for the future. He that gave you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give you another mode of happiness as a mother, and at last the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven."

To Miss Sophia Thrale. — July 24. 1783. "Dearest Miss Sophy. Your proficience in arithmetic is not only to be commended, but admired. Never think, my Sweet, that you have arithmetic enough ; when you have exhausted your master, buy books. Nothing amuses more harmlessly than computation, and nothing is oftener applicable to real business or speculative inquiries. A thousand stories which the ignorant tell, and believe, die away at once, when the computist takes them in his gripe. I hope you will cultivate in yourself a disposition to numerical inquiries ; they will give you entertainment in solitude by the practice, and reputation in public by the effect."

To Miss Susanna Thrale. — July 27. 1783. "Dearest Miss Susy. When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish ; happy or miserable : if it is well regulated we pass on prosperously and smoothly ; as it is neglected we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness. Your time, my love, passes, I suppose, in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not, perhaps, think it proper to give me an account ; and of work, unless I understand it better, it will be of no great use to say much : but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what you

ment, that "his friend Mr. Thrale, the great brewer, paid twenty thousand a year to the revenue ; and that he had four vats, each of which held sixteen hundred barrels, above a thousand hogsheads." The establishment is now the largest in the world. The buildings extend over ten acres, and the machinery includes two steam engines. The store-cellars contain one hundred and twenty-six vats, varying in their contents from four thousand barrels down to five hundred. About one hundred and sixty horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London. The quantity brewed in the year 1826 was 380,180 barrels, upon which a duty of 180,000*l.* was paid to the revenue ; and in the year 1836, the malt consumed exceeded one hundred thousand quarters.

are reading, and with what you are pleased ; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions. A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning, or talk of the evening ; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to yours," &c.

To the Same. — September, 1783. " I am glad that you and your sisters have been at Portland. You can now tell what is a quarry and what is a cliff. Take all opportunities of filling your mind with genuine scenes of nature : description is always fallacious ; at least, till you have seen realities, you cannot know it to be true. This observation might be extended to life, but life cannot be surveyed with the same safety as nature, and it is better to know vice and folly by report than by experience. A painter, says Sydney, mingled in the battle that he might know how to paint it ; but his knowledge was useless, for some mischievous sword took away his head. They whose speculations upon characters leads them too far into the world, may lose that nice sense of good and evil by which characters are to be tried. Acquaint yourself, therefore, both with the pleasing and the terrible parts of nature, but in life wish to know only the good."

To Mrs. Thrale. — October 21. 1783. " You are now retired, and have nothing to impede self-examination, or self-improvement. Endeavour to reform that instability of attention which your last letter has happened to betray. Perhaps it is natural for those that have much within to think little on things without ; but whoever lives heedlessly lives but in a mist, perpetually deceived by false appearances of the past, without any certain reliance on recollection."

November 13. 1783. — " Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest, love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished ; but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week ; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost ; but an old friend never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost."

March 20. 1784. — " Write to me no more about *dying with a grace* ! When you feel what I have felt in approaching eternity, in fear of soon hearing the sentence of which there is no revocation, you will know the folly : my wish is, that you may know it sooner. The distance between the grave and the remotest point of human longevity is but very little ; and of that little no path is certain. You knew all this, and I thought that I knew it too ; but I know it now with a new conviction. May that new conviction not be vain !"

To Mrs. Piozzi. — July 8. 1784. " What you have done, however I lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me : I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere. I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state ; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched."



Dear Sir
I am sorry to see you engaged in altercation
with a Lady, who seems unwilling to be
convinced of her errors; surely it would be
more ingenuous to acknowledge, than to
persevere. I most solemnly declare, at that
time Johnson was an entire stranger to y^r
Porter & family; & it was almost two years
after, that I introduced him to the acquain-
tance of Porter, whom I thought my (Doubtless
of) y^r intend to convince this obstinate
woman c. to entice it to y^r publication, y^r truth
of y^r narration you are at liberty to
make whatever y^e please of this statement
Birmⁿ Jan^r 9th 94 Y^r obliged humble serv^t
Hector

James Boswell Esq^r

Mr. Hector Birmingham
sending the original copy of
Dr. Johnson's verses on a spring of Myrtle





LETTER FROM EDMUND HECTOR, Esq.

TO

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

From the original, in the collection of Mr. URCOTT.

To Mr. Hector, the school-fellow, and through life the intimate friend, of Dr. Johnson, his Biographer acknowledges himself to have been indebted for many interesting particulars of his early life. In 1732, when the Doctor, compelled by the forlorn state of his circumstances, had accepted of an offer to be employed as usher in the school of Market-Bosworth, Hector, who had recently settled as a surgeon at Birmingham, generously invited him to pass some time with him as his guest. Here Johnson remained for about six months; during which period he was chiefly occupied in translating Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, "lying," we are told, "in bed with the book, which was a quarto, before him, and dictating while Hector held the pen." It was about this time, also, that he wrote for his friend —

VERSES TO A LADY, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

"What hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand;
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Now grants, and now rejects, a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
The unhappy lover's grave the myrtle spreads:
O then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart!
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb."

Of this little composition, Mrs. Piozzi gives the following account, from Johnson's own relation to her: — "I think it is now just forty

years ago, that a young fellow had a sprig of myrtle given him by a girl he courted, and he asked me to write him some verses that he might present her in return. I promised, but forgot; and when he called for his lines at the time agreed on,—‘Sit still a moment,’ says I, ‘dear Mund, and I’ll fetch them thee’—so I stepped aside for five minutes, and wrote the nonsense you now keep such a stir about.”

Miss Seward, in opposition to this statement, having asserted, in the Gentleman’s Magazine, that these verses were addressed by Johnson to Lucy Porter, Mr. Hector wrote the following letter to Boswell:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry to see you are engaged in altercation with a lady, who seems unwilling to be convinced of her errors. Surely it would be more ingenuous to acknowledge than to persevere. Lately, in looking over some papers I meant to burn, I found the original manuscript of the Myrtle, with the date on it, 1731, which I have enclosed.

“The true history (which I could swear to) is as follows:—Mr. Morgan Graves, the elder brother of a worthy clergyman near Bath*, with whom I was acquainted, waited upon a lady in this neighbourhood, who, at parting, presented him the branch. He showed it me, and wished much to return the compliment in verse. I applied to Johnson, who was with me, and in about half an hour dictated the verses, which I sent to my friend. I most solemnly declare, at that time, Johnson was an entire stranger to the Porter family; and it was almost two years after, that I introduced him to the acquaintance of Porter, whom I bought my clothes of.

“If you intend to convince this obstinate woman, and to exhibit to the public the truth of your narrative, you are at liberty to make what use you please of this statement. I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time. Wishing you *multos et felices annos*, I shall subscribe myself

“Your obliged humble servant,

“Birmingham, Jan. 9. 1794.”

“E. HECTOR.

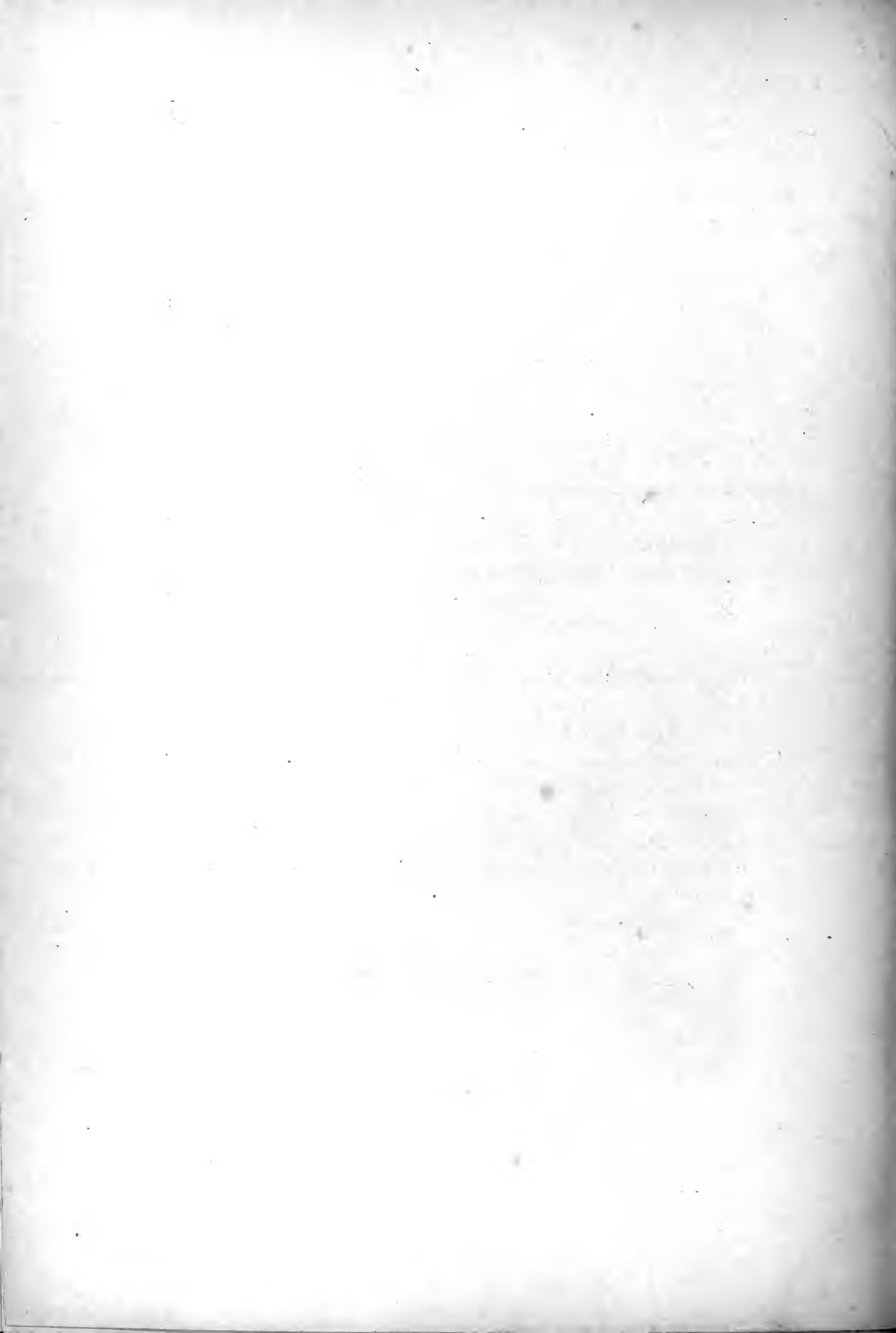
In 1776, Johnson and Boswell stopped at Birmingham, on their way to Lichfield. “It gave me pleasure,” says the latter, “to observe the joy which the Doctor and Mr. Hector expressed on seeing each other again.” In the autumn of 1781, Johnson again visited Birmingham and Lichfield. “The motives of my journey,” he says, “I hardly know: I omitted it last year, and am not willing to miss it again. Hector is an old friend, the only companion of my childhood that passed through the school with me. We have always loved one another; perhaps we may be made better by some serious conversation.” In March 1782, he addressed his friend in the following affecting language:—“I hope, when we meet again, we

* The Rev. Richard Graves, author of the “Spiritual Quixote.”

shall congratulate each other upon fair prospects of longer life; though what are the pleasures of the longest life, when placed in comparison with a happy death? That you and dear Mrs. Careless should have care or curiosity about my health gives me that pleasure which every man feels from finding himself not forgotten. In age we feel again that love of our native place and our early friends, which, in the bustle or amusements of middle life, were overborne and suspended. You and I should now naturally cling to one another: we have outlived most of those who could pretend to rival us in each other's kindness. In our walk through life we have dropped our companions, and are now to pick up such as chance may offer us, or to travel on alone. You, indeed, have a sister, with whom you can divide the day: I have no natural friend left; but Providence has been pleased to preserve me from neglect. I have not wanted such alleviations of life as friendship could supply."

Dr. Johnson's last visit to Birmingham was in the autumn of 1784. He returned to London the 16th of November, and on the following day addressed his farewell letter to his friend. — "I am," he says, "as I was, and having seen Dr. Brocklesby, am to ply the squills; but, whatever be their efficacy, this world must soon pass away. Let us think seriously on our duty. I send my kindest respects to dear Mrs. Careless: let me have the prayers of both. We have all lived long, and must soon part. God have mercy upon us, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Dr. Johnson died on the 13th of the following month. Mr. Hector survived his illustrious school-fellow more than nine years. He died at Birmingham, September 2. 1794, aged eighty-five. As a surgeon he was eminent for his skill and assiduity; and in private life he was much esteemed for his benevolence of disposition, liberality of sentiment, and urbanity of manners.





Nov. 18. 1742.

I was forced to make so many journeys
to the White Horse, that with
travelling with a servant and painter it
cost me near 20th. I could have spent as
much about the Cross, but thought I should
have but little thanks for it; though I
believe I could have settled it's age and
meaning thereby with greater exactness
than I have done. But let others pursue
the enquiry, it is enough for me that I
have shewn the monument.

To Mr Ducarrell Francis Wise,



RESIDENCE OF THE REV^D FRANCIS WISE AT ELLSFIELD NEAR OXFORD





VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE REV.
DR. FRANCIS WISE,

AT ELLESFIELD, NEAR OXFORD.

FRANCIS WISE, B. D. and F. S. A., was born in 1692, educated at New College school, and entered at Trinity College, Oxford, 1710-11. In 1717 he took his Master's degree, and obtained an under-librarianship in the Bodleian. Two years later he became fellow and tutor of his College; and in 1721 he had for his pupil, Francis, first Earl of Guilford, who appointed him his chaplain, and presented him to the vicarage of Ellesfield in Oxfordshire, in 1726. In the same year, he was appointed keeper of the Archives, and in 1748 Radcliffe librarian. In 1738 he published a "Letter to Dr. Mead concerning some Antiquities in Berkshire;" in 1742, "Further Observations upon the White Horse and other Antiquities in Berkshire;" in 1758, "Enquiries concerning the first Inhabitants, Language, Religion, Learning, and Letters of Europe;" and in 1764, "Observations on the History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages." The able analysis of the "Enquiries," which appeared in the Monthly Review for 1758, is now known, thanks to the industry of Mr. Prior, to have been written by Goldsmith, and has accordingly been introduced into the late enlarged edition of that poet's Miscellaneous Works.

Of Dr. Johnson's visit to Mr. Wise at his parsonage, Mr. Thomas Warton gives the following account:—

"In the course of Dr. Johnson's visit to me in 1754, we walked three or four times to Ellesfield, a village beautifully situated about three miles from Oxford, to see Mr. Wise, Radclivian librarian, with whom Johnson was much pleased. At this place, Mr. Wise had fitted up a house and gardens, in a singular manner, but with great taste. Here was an excellent library, particularly a valuable collection of books in Northern literature, with which Johnson was often very busy. One day Mr. Wise read to us a dissertation which he was preparing for

the press, intituled "A History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages." Some old divinities of Thrace, related to the Titans, and called the Cabiri, made a very important part of the theory of this piece; and in conversation afterwards, Mr. Wise talked much of his Cabiri. As we returned to Oxford in the evening, I outwalked Johnson, and he cried out *Sufflamina*, a Latin word which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say, *Put on your drag chain*. Before we got home, I again walked too fast for him; and he now cried out, 'Why, you walk as if you were pursued by all the Cabiri in a body.'

Dr. Wise died at his favourite retreat at Ellesfield, in October 1767, universally beloved and esteemed, on account of his great worth and learning.* [See Nichols's *Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 527. Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 19. ed. 1835. Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iv. p. 392. ed. 1837.]

* Five years before his death, the following ludicrous anticipation of it appeared in the London papers: — "Dec. 9. 1762, died the Rev. *Solomon Wise*, greatly regretted by the studious part of the University of Oxford. His death was occasioned by a violent cold, contracted by too close attendance on the duties of his respective offices in the Bodleian and Radcliffe libraries."





FRANCE. MRS. MONTAGU.



FLORA MACDONALD.

THIS lady, so celebrated for the part she took in the escape of Charles Edward Stewart, after the battle of Culloden in 1746, was the daughter of a tacksman, or gentleman farmer of Malton, in South Uist, and was, at that time, about twenty-four years old: her father was not a remote cadet of the great family of Clanranald, and she happened to be on a visit to her chief's house at Ormaclade during the emergency spoken of. After the battle, the Prince was conveyed to Long Island, where he lay for some time concealed; but intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit this island without delay. Flora Macdonald, animated by the sacred principle of loyalty, offered to accompany the unfortunate wanderer in an open boat to Skye, though the coast they were to quit was guarded by ships of war. With this purpose she procured a passport for herself, a man servant, and a female servant, who was termed Betty Burke—the part of Betty Burke being to be acted by the Prince. In his female disguise, after being repeatedly in danger of being taken, Charles at length reached Kilbridge, in the Isle of Skye; but they were then in the country of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Slait, and, devoted as that chief was to the service of the government, the Prince was as much in danger as ever. In this dilemma, Flora resolved to confide the fatal secret to Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of Sir Alexander, and trust to female compassion. Lady Margaret was much alarmed: her husband was absent; and as the best chance for the Prince's preservation, she committed him to the charge of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a man of courage and intelligence, who acted as factor, or land steward, for her husband. Flora accordingly conducted Charles to Kingsburgh's house; and he was fortunate enough to escape detection on the road, though the ungainly appearance of a man dressed in female apparel attracted

suspicion on more than one occasion. His shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair; and, taking up the old ones, said, "I will faithfully keep these till you are settled at St. James's: I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." The Prince smiled, and said, "Be as good as your word!" Kingsburgh kept the shoes as long as he lived; and after his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them. Kingsburgh's mother, after the royal guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them up carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding sheet; a sacred request which was religiously complied with in the sequel.

In the following year, Kingsburgh, and others ascertained to have been active in aiding the Prince's escape, were brought to London, and imprisoned for some time. Flora herself was for a short time detained in the Tower. After her liberation she found refuge, or rather a scene of triumph, in the house of Lady Primrose, where she was visited by many persons of rank, who loaded her with flattering attentions and valuable presents. Their donations supplied to this gallant young woman a fortune of nearly fifteen hundred pounds; which she bestowed, together with her hand, upon Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who had been her assistant in the action which procured her so much fame.*

In his journal of his tour to the Western Islands, Dr. Johnson says, "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. Macdonald, and his lady Flora Macdonald; a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, and elegant presence." And in a letter to Mrs. Thrale he adds, "Here I had the honour of saluting the far-famed Miss Flora Macdonald. She must then (1746) have been a very young lady; she is now not old, of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue.' She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune

* In a note in Croker's Boswell, Sir Walter Scott says: "It is very remarkable that this distinguished lady signed her name *Flory*, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*."

in America. Sic rerum volvitur orbis. At Kingsburgh we were liberally feasted, and I slept in the same bed in which the Prince reposed in his distress."—"To see," exclaims Boswell, "Dr. Samuel Johnson lying on that bed, in the Isle of Skye, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, 'I had no ambitious thoughts in it.' At breakfast he declared he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man; and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between Mrs. Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce; adding, 'You know, young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies.'"

Flora Macdonald went afterwards with her husband to America; but both returned in consequence of the civil war, and settled in their native Isle of Skye; where she died on the 4th of March, 1790. A portrait of her was painted in London in 1747, by her countryman Allan Ramsay, for Commodore Smith, in whose ship she had been brought prisoner from Scotland; and from a very rare print, now in the collection of Lewis Peacock, Esq., the accompanying engraving is copied. [See Ascanius; Sir Walter Scott's Prose Works; Johnson's Letters to Mrs. Thrale; Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson; and Chambers's History of the Rebellion.]



Hampstead March 6 1774

My dear Sir

Many thanks both for your
suffrage and your congratulations,
for they are equally honourable to me.
I shall not fail to join the club on
Friday evening. Dr Johnson desires
I will call on him, & he will introduce
me. — Pray what is the usual
time of meeting? I am, Dear Sir,

your most obliged & faithful
Stevens



JOHN B. LITTLE, 1774

AMSTERDAM, 1774





GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. F.R.S.

THIS eminent scholar and commentator, — who was born at Stepney in May 1736, and admitted of King's College Cambridge about 1752 — is best known as the editor of Shakspeare's Plays; twenty of which he published in 1766. A year before the appearance of this collection, Dr. Johnson had published an edition in eight volumes. A coalition between the two editors having been negotiated, another edition, known by the name of "Johnson and Steeven's edition," made its appearance in 1773, in ten volumes. A fourth edition, with great additions and improvements, was published by Mr. Steevens, in fifteen volumes, in 1793. In the preparation of it for the press, he gave an instance of editorial activity and perseverance, probably without example. To this work he devoted solely and exclusively a period of eighteen months; and, during that time, he left his house every morning at one o'clock, with the Hampstead patrol, and proceeded, without any consideration of the weather or the season, to his friend Mr. Isaac Reed's chambers in Staple-Inn, where he was allowed to open the door for himself, and found a room prepared to receive him, with a sheet of the Shakspeare letter-press ready for correction :

"Him late from Hampstead journeying to his book,
Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook;
What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace
To meet the printer's dev'let face to face." — *Pursuits of Literature*.

His house was situated just on the rise of Hampstead Heath. It was pale'd in, and had immediately before it a verdant lawn, skirted with a variety of picturesque trees. Formerly the house had been a tavern. It was known by the name of *The Upper Flask*, and was the same to which Richardson sends Clarissa, in one of her escapes from Lovelace.

Mr. Steevens's talent at explaining and illustrating the difficulties and beauties of Shakspeare was disgraced, says Mr. Nichols, "by the

worst of foils, a severity of satire, which too strongly marked a malevolence of heart, from which his best friends cannot vindicate him. He had a happy memory, richly stored; was a very pleasant tête-à-tête companion, communicative of his knowledge, but jealous of other men's. He was a man of the greatest perseverance in every thing he undertook; often constant, but not always consistent, as he would sometimes break off his longest habits without any ostensible reason. He discontinued his daily visits at Mr. White's the bookseller, after many years' regular attendance, for no real cause; and left Mr. Stockdale, whom he took up on quitting Mr. White, all at once, in the same eccentric and unaccountable manner. He never took a pinch of snuff after he lost his box in St. Paul's Church-yard, though he was much addicted to the practice, and in the habit of making his memorandums by bits of paper in his box."

Mr. Steevens appears, in spite of all his faults and foibles, to have been rather a favourite with Dr. Johnson; who, it will be seen by the accompanying autograph, introduced him to the Literary Club. On one occasion, when he was violently censured for attacking people by anonymous paragraphs in newspapers, Johnson took up his defence: "Come, come," said the Doctor, "this is not so terrible a crime; he means only to vex them a little: I do not say that I should do it; but there is a great difference between him and me: what is fit for Hephæstion is not fit for Alexander." Again, upon Mr. Topham Beauclerk's saying one evening at the Club, "You, sir, have a friend who deserves to be hanged, for he speaks behind their backs against those with whom he lives on the best terms," the Doctor replied, "Sir, we all do this in some degree; '*veniam petimus damusque vicissim.*'" BEAUCLERK. "He is very malignant." JOHNSON. "No, sir, he is not malignant; he is mischievous, if you will. He would do no man an essential injury; he may indeed love to make sport of people, by vexing their vanity."

Mr. Steevens possessed a handsome fortune, which he managed with discretion, and was thus enabled to gratify his wishes, which were very large, in forming collections of classical and mediæval antiquity and art. His generosity also was praiseworthy; though he was not seen to give eleemosynary sixpences to sturdy beggars or sweepers of crossings, few, on proper occasions, could distribute bank notes with more liberality. "Mr. Steevens," says Boswell, "whose generosity is *well known*, joined Dr. Johnson in kind assistance to a female relation of poor Goldsmith;" and it would be easy to multiply similar examples.

He died at Hampstead, on the 22d of January, 1800, and was buried in the chapel at Poplar, where, in the north aisle, there is a monument to his memory by Flaxman. Underneath is the following inscription; the verses in which are from the pen of his friend Mr. Hayley:—

“ IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CHAPEL
LIE THE REMAINS OF GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.
WHO, AFTER HAVING CHEERFULLY EMPLOYED
A CONSIDERABLE PORTION OF HIS LIFE AND FORTUNE
IN THE ILLUSTRATION OF SHAKSPEARE,
EXPIRED AT HAMPSTEAD THE 22D DAY OF JANUARY, 1800,
IN HIS SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.”

“ Peace to these reliques, once the bright attire
Of spirits sparkling with no common fire:
How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power;
And truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense.
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay.
His critic labours, of unwearied force,
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endear'd;
Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease;
Lightly the stage of chequered life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God.”

Mr. Steevens was rich in books and prints. He possessed the second folio edition of Shakspeare, with notes, and alterations of the scenes, by King Charles the First; together with that monarch's name and motto, *Dum spiro spero*, in his own handwriting. He had also illustrated a copy of his own edition of Shakspeare with fifteen hundred portraits of all the persons and places mentioned in the text and notes, of which he could make drawings, or procure engravings. His set of Hogarth's Prints was considered the completest that ever was collected; and his commentary on the productions of that inimitable painter, which accompanies Mr. Nichols's “ Biographical Anecdotes,” would alone have stamped a lasting fame on his critical acumen.

His illustrated copy of Shakspeare he bequeathed to Earl Spencer; his Hogarth to that eminent statesman, the late Right Honourable William Windham; and his corrected copy of Shakspeare to his dear friend Mr. Isaac Reed, with a bequest of two hundred guineas. [See Nichols's Literary Anecdotes; Gent. Mag.; Boswell's Johnson.]





Sam: Johnson.



DR. JOHNSON,

IN THE DRESS WORN BY HIM DURING HIS TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

From a Drawing by TROTTER.

JOHNSON sat for this portrait to Mr. Trotter, in February 1782, at the request of Mr. Kearsley the bookseller. It was considered an excellent likeness by Mr. John Nichols and many other of his friends; and on seeing it, the Doctor himself exclaimed, "Well, thou art an ugly fellow, but still I believe thou art like the original." His figure, manner, and dress, on setting out on his tour to the Hebrides, in August 1773, are thus described by Boswell:—

"His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that evil which it was formerly imagined the royal touch would cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet, so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions*, of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary†; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not

* "Such they appeared to me; but Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, that 'Dr. Johnson's extraordinary gestures were only habits, in which he indulged himself at certain times. When in company, where he was not free, or when engaged earnestly in conversation, he never gave way to such habits; which proves that they were not involuntary.' I still, however, think that these gestures were involuntary; for surely, had not that been the case, he would have restrained them in the public streets."

† "Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig, that graced his crown;
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles;
And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore;
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold." — *Peter Pindar*.

be censured for mentioning such minute particulars ; every thing relating to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore latches in his shoes instead of buckles. When I mention the oak stick, it is but letting Hercules have his club ; and, by and by, my readers will find this stick will bud, and produce a good joke."

The "joke" to which Boswell alludes is thus told : —

"Saturday, October 16. — We had a hard journey to-day. Dr. Johnson observed, how helpless a man would be were he travelling here alone, and should meet with any accident ; and said 'he longed to get to a country of saddles and bridles.' He was more out of humour to-day than he has been in the course of our tour, being fretted to find that his little horse could scarcely support his weight, and having suffered a loss, which, though small in itself, was of some consequence to him, while travelling the rugged steeps of Mull, where he was at times obliged to walk. The loss that I allude to was that of the large oak-stick, which he had brought with him from London. It was of great use to him in our wild peregrinations. It had, too, the properties of a measure ; for one nail was driven into it at the length of a foot, another at that of a yard. In return for the service it had done him, he said this morning he would make a present of it to some museum ; but he little thought he was so soon to lose it. As he preferred riding with a switch, it was entrusted to a fellow to be delivered to our baggage-man, who followed us at some distance ; but we never saw it more. I could not persuade him out of a suspicion that it had been stolen. 'No, no, my friend,' said he, 'it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here.'"

